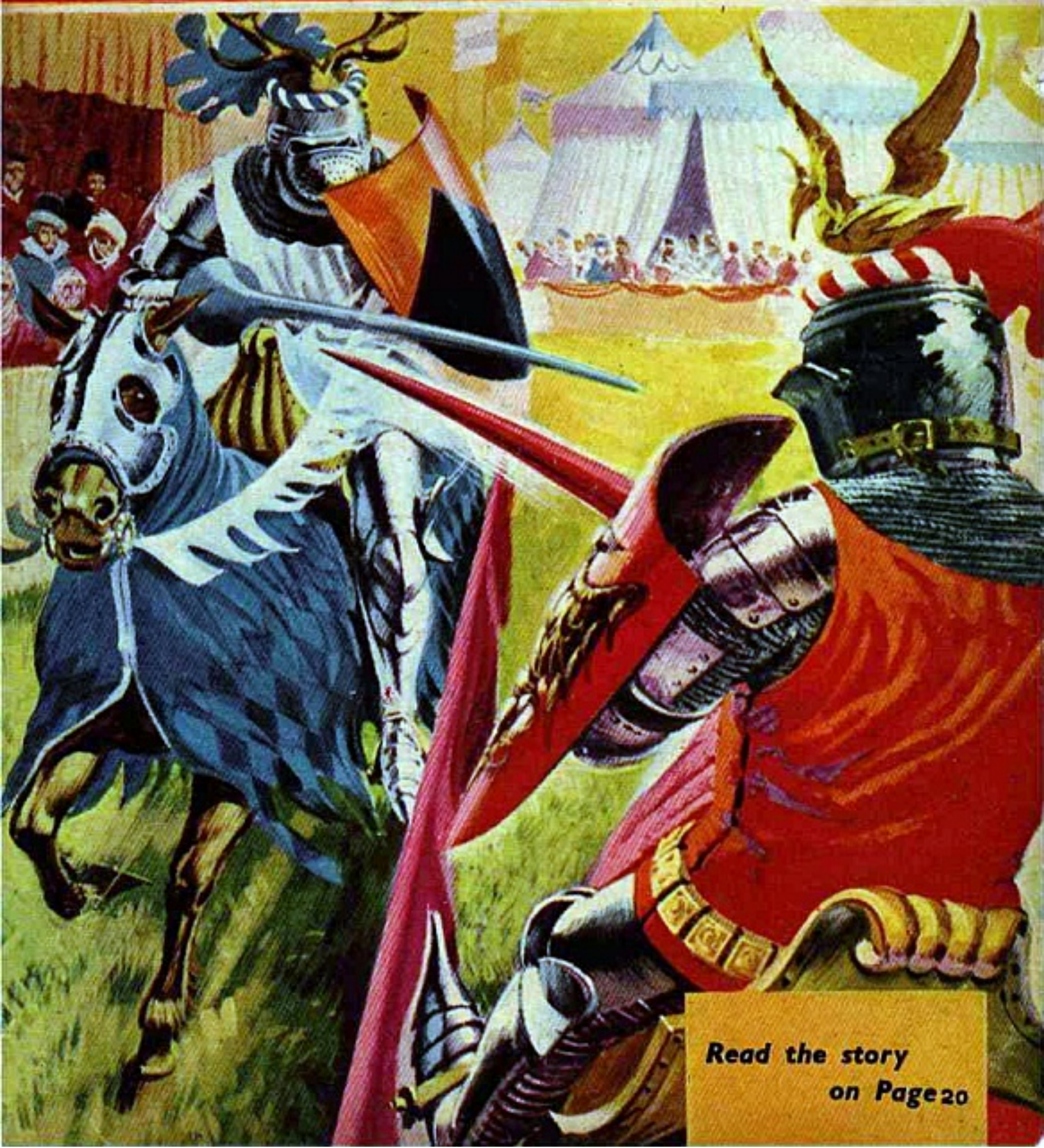


CHANDAMAMA

MARCH 1973

92 PAISE



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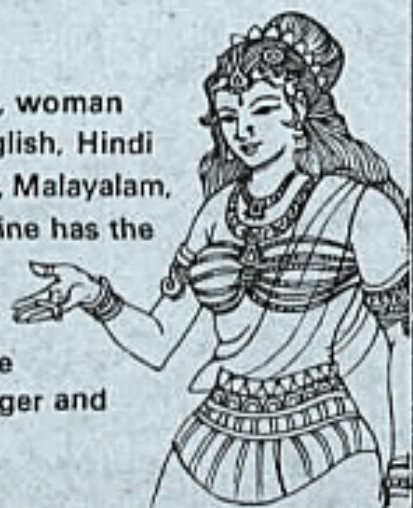
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THE SNOW BABY

A long, long time ago, in a small village in Russia, there lived an old man and his wife. They had lived a very happy life together, but their one regret was that they had never had a son or a daughter. This often made the old man and his wife very sad, especially during the long Winter nights as they sat by the fire. It was not so bad in the Summer, for then they had plenty of work to do and they pretended that it did not matter.

Once again, the Winter drew near and soon the snow was falling. The two old people, Marusha and Yushko, heard their neighbours' children laughing and playing in the fields and woods behind their cottage. This made them sadder still because they did not have a child who could play outside in the snow. The old man, seeing how upset his wife

was, said to her, "Marusha, I have an idea. Come outside with me and help build a little snowman, just as our neighbours' children are doing."

"Don't be silly," replied Marusha a little crossly. "Whatever will the neighbours say when they see two old people like us, playing in the snow?"

"But they won't see us," said the old man. "We will build our snowman in the woods where nobody will see us."

At last Marusha agreed, so they both put on their big Winter coats and boots and trudged out of the cottage and into the snow. Giggling like little children they went hand in hand into the woods and there, where the snow lay crisp and white, they began to build their little snowman.

Before long they had finished, for their snowman was very small, only about the size of a tiny body and to complete it, Marusha made two eyes from some berries and Yushko made a nose for it from a handful of snow. The two old people stood back and admired their work, looking at one another and smiling, but as they stood

there, a very strange thing happened.

Slowly at first, as if waking up after a long sleep the little snow baby began to move. Half afraid and half excited,



Marusha and Yushko turned round in alarm at the sound of the cry.

Marusha and Yushko moved closer to one another and as they stared in amazement, the snow began to fall away from the little figure. The two berries which they had used to make the eyes, suddenly turned blue, as blue as the sky above. The face seemed to become smooth and rounded and as the snow fell away, beautiful golden hair appeared. At last all the snow had fallen to the ground and instead of a snowman there stood a beautiful little girl, the most beautiful girl the old man and his wife had ever seen. She was dressed in a white dress and as the old couple stood in the snow, open mouthed and hardly daring to move, the little girl ran towards them.

With tears of joy in their eyes, they bent down and kissed the lovely little girl on the cheek and hugged her.

The old man and his wife could still not believe what they had seen and they pinched one another to make sure they were not dreaming. At last, Marusha and Yushko had a little child of their own and now their lives were complete. Wrapping the little girl up in a shawl, they quickly carried

her back to their cottage and laid her on a chair. "At last our wishes have been granted and we have a little child of our own," said the joyful Marusha.

That night the old man and his wife could hardly sleep for thinking of the little girl and next morning, when they came downstairs and found her fast asleep, they knew it had not been a dream. They decided to call her their little snow baby and to celebrate their good luck. Marusha prepared a party for her neighbours and their children. While Yushko went round the village knocking on all the doors and inviting the people to the party, Marusha worked in the kitchen, cooking and making all sorts of good things to eat.

Early that evening, the guests began to arrive and before long the little cottage was filled with the sound of singing and dancing. Even the little snow baby joined in, dancing faster and more nimbly than anybody else. All the neighbours agreed that the old man and his wife had the most beautiful little girl they had ever seen.

By now the snow lay thick and white on the ground and

each day the golden-haired little girl went out to play games with the other children in the village. She showed them how to build castles and palaces from the snow and how to make beautiful fountains and thrones. In fact, she could make almost anything from the snow and the other children loved to watch her.

Gradually, the cold Winter days passed by and the snow began to melt. The first signs of Spring were appearing in the village where the old man and his wife lived. The trees had started to show their leaves and the buds on the flowers were beginning to open out. All the children in the village played games in the fields, now covered with green grass. All, that is, except one.

Marusha noticed that their

little snow baby no longer went outside to play with the children, instead she sat indoors by the window, with a sad expression on her face. The old woman was worried and she told her husband that she thought their child was ill.

"Are you ill?" asked Yushko one day as the little girl sat staring out of the window.

"No, Father," she replied. "I am not ill, but I do wish the snow would fall again so that I could go outside and play. The green leaves and grass are not so beautiful as the crisp, white snow."

"Do not worry my little girl," replied Yushko. "It will come again next Winter."

One day, Marusha and



Yushko decided to take their little golden-haired girl for a walk in the woods. Perhaps the warm Summer breezes would help to bring back the colour in her cheeks. They took her into the woods where the soft, warm breezes carried the scent of the flowers, but the little snow baby only shivered and looked sad.

As they passed through the tall trees in the woods, a shaft of sunlight filtered through and struck the little girl like an arrow. She gave a cry of pain and put her hands up to shield her eyes, but it was too late.

Marusha and Yushko, who had walked on ahead, turned round in alarm at the sound of

the cry and saw that tears were streaming down the face of their little girl. As they watched she slowly grew smaller and smaller, until all that remained was a tiny drop of dew, shining on the petal of a flower.

With heavy hearts, Marusha and Yushko turned to one another and nodded their heads. They both understood what had happened. Their little girl had been made of snow and as soon as the warmth of the sunlight had fallen across her she had melted away. Perhaps, they said to one another, she would return again next Winter and they could once more see their little golden-haired snow baby.



THE OGRESS



The land of Gandhara was ruled by a king called Induvarma. One day he went to the forest to hunt and saw a lovely maiden standing forlornly under a tree. He went near her and said, "Oh! lovely maiden what do you do here, all alone? Who are you?"

The maiden replied, "Sir, I am a Gandharva maiden, resident in the skies. I came to the earth in search of some flowers. I stand here enjoying the fragrance of the flowers."

The king said, "Lovely maiden, don't go back to your heavenly abode. Stay with me and I shall be happy."

But the Gandharva maiden did not agree and when the king persisted in his entreaties, she became angry and cast a spell on him by which he lost his eyesight completely. Then she disappeared into the blue yonder. The poor king came back to his palace, a sadder but much wiser king. He could never hope to regain his eyesight, unless the same Gandharva maiden came to his rescue and that was not to be.

Now Induvarma had a son called Chandravarma. He was a dutiful son who loved his father dearly. He decided to



go to the land of the Gandharvas and entreat the maiden to restore his hapless father's vision.

He set out and walked a long way. After some time, tired and hungry, he stretched out under a tree and promptly fell asleep. Suddenly he awoke to find a massive ogress sitting near him. She had some fruits in her hand which she offered to the young prince.

Chandravarma trembled to see her and asked, "Who are you?"

The Ogress replied, "I live in this tree. I saw that you hadn't eaten for several days. So I woke you up. Eat these

fruits, and tell me why you come here?"

The prince taking heart at the gentle words of the Ogress related all that had happened. Then he said, "If you but show me the path to the land of the Gandharvas, I shall be for ever beholden to you."

Then the Ogress replied, "Certainly, young sir, I'll take you to the land of the Gandharvas, but when you get what you came for, you must do a certain bidding of mine."

Upon Chandravarma solemnly pledging himself to do her bidding, she rose into the air, taking the prince with her and deposited him in front of a heavenly palace. Then she said, "Go now and finish your work. I shall wait for you here, outside the gates."

Chandravarma wandered through the palace marvelling at the many splendours that met his eye. He saw several gaily dressed Gandharva women who stared at him, curiously. Then accosting one he said, "Madam, a few days ago, a certain Gandharva maiden came to the land of Gandhara and cast a spell over the king by which he has lost his vision. I wish to see her."

But no one knew who that maiden might be, but at last someone suggested that it must have been Pushpa, the princess of the Gandharvas. So Chandravarma was ushered into her presence and she greeted him kindly. Then Chandravarma entreated her to restore his father's vision and said, "Your royal highness, my father merely asked you to come and live with us. What wrong can there be in that? Now you must restore his vision."

Pushpa said, "True, I have been a trifle hasty in casting that spell on your father. However, take this flower and press it on the eyes of your father. He will see again. But remember, only he who is honest and good can press this flower on the eyes, otherwise your father will never regain his eyesight."

Chandravarma bowed before her and taking the flower came to the palace gates where he found the Ogress waiting for him. Then in a trice he was transported back to his own land. As the Ogress set him down, she said, "Oh; Prince, I gave you what help I could. Now you must marry me."

Chandravarma replied, "I'll

marry you all right. But first let me restore my father's vision, then I'll come back here and we can be married."

The Ogress agreed and the prince ran to the palace to press the flower on his father's blinded eyes. No sooner was this done when the king opened his eyes as though he had just come out of a deep sleep. Then Chandravarma related how he had come by the flower and ended by referring to his promise to the Ogress.

The King was deeply shocked by this revelation and said angrily, "Never shall I permit this!"

Chandravarma said, "But





father, if I don't keep my word, then you'll lose your vision again and never regain it." Then he came to the Ogress and declared his readiness to marry her. Everyone who heard that the prince was about to marry a hideous Ogress was sorry for him but there was nothing that anyone could do about it.

On the day of the wedding, thousands thronged the palace to see this strange affair.

But as the prince took the Ogress by the hand to lead her round the sacrificial fire, lo and behold! the beast became a lovely princess! Everyone was amazed to see a lovely maiden standing before the prince in place of that hideous hag.

Then she said, "Oh, good prince! I am the princess of Vatsa, and my name is Kamalini. Once an old hermit wanted to marry me but I did not consent. Getting angry, the hermit cast

a spell on me and I changed into that hideous Ogress you saw. I pleaded with him to restore me to my original shape, and relenting somewhat, he said I would regain my form, if someone agreed to marry me in that changed state. You were honest and kept your word to marry me. Thus the spell was removed."

Induvarma rejoiced at his son's good fortune. Chandravarma and his new bride lived happily for many, many years.



WHY DO SOME TREES LEAN OVER?

We may sometimes come across groups of trees which are all leaning in the same direction, or have most of their branches on one side only. Such trees are generally in very exposed places, where they get the full force of those winds which blow mainly from the same direction. With these prevailing winds (as they are called) always blowing in the same direction, trees and branches must go the same way as that taken by the winds.



MOTI'S RICH FRIENDS

Moti was an orphan lad who lived with his grandmother. One day he took some doughnuts prepared by her and sat down under a huge tree to eat them. Three or four mongrel curs scenting the food came running up to him.

He gave each one a doughnut, patted them and played with them. He christened them with such names as Vir, Dhir, Maru and Suri. Late in the evening, when he returned home, his grandmother enquired where he had been, to which he said, "Oh! I've been playing with my friends, Vir, Dhir, Maru and Suri."

Grandma thought they were his friends. So she said, "Careful, lad. Always play with good friends."

Moti said, "Grandma, they are very good and obey me without question."

Then Grandma thought of something. So she said, "Moti! You go and sit under this huge tree everyday. I am sure lots of others come and sit there too. So I'll prepare a lot of doughnuts and you can sell them and make a lot of money. Here take this fifty paise and buy some lentils for twenty-five paise. Don't forget to bring back the change."

Moti went to the grocer and bought some lentils. Then he waited for his change, but the shopkeeper asked him to come back after some time as he had no change on him.

Moti memorised the location of the shop and noted that a



white cat was lying against the wall of the shop.

He returned home and gave the lentils to his grandmother. When she discovered that he had come back without the change, she said to him. "Moti, you should never trust people like this. Go on. Get the change quickly." So Moti went back looking for the grocer's shop, but when he reached the spot where he had last seen the white cat, there was no cat and there was no grocer's shop. Instead he found a tailor's establishment.

The tailor was not smooth shaven like the grocer and sported a huge handle-bar

moustache. Poor Moti was bewildered! He thought in his simple mind that a miracle had taken place, but no matter he must get his change back. So he said to the tailor, "Well, sir, what about my change?"

The tailor was taken aback. So he said sharply, "Who are you lad?"

Moti replied, "Aha! Think I'll forget you? You may change your shop and grow a moustache, but you can't deceive me. You gave me some lentils and took fifty paise from me. You said you'd give me the change later. Come on, where is my change?"

The tailor laughed and said, "Laddie, it's obvious someone has cheated you. I can't give you any money. But I tell you what I'll do. Take these bits of cloth and be off with you."

So Moti gathered up all the bits and pieces lying on the ground and went home. Then he dumped them before grandma and said, "See, what I got. That grocer tried to cheat me. I gathered up all the cloth I could get and brought it home."

Poor grandma thinking to herself what a fool her grand-

son was swept the pieces into a corner. Suddenly a rupee note fell out from one of the pieces.

Grandma said, "How lucky we are! A whole rupee! Good! I'll make some more doughnuts and you can sell them for me."

Then she gave Moti ten doughnuts and sent him on his way. As on the previous day, he sat under the tree and fed the mongrels with the doughnuts. He ate two. Then he spoke to the curs, "Well, where is the money for the doughnuts?"

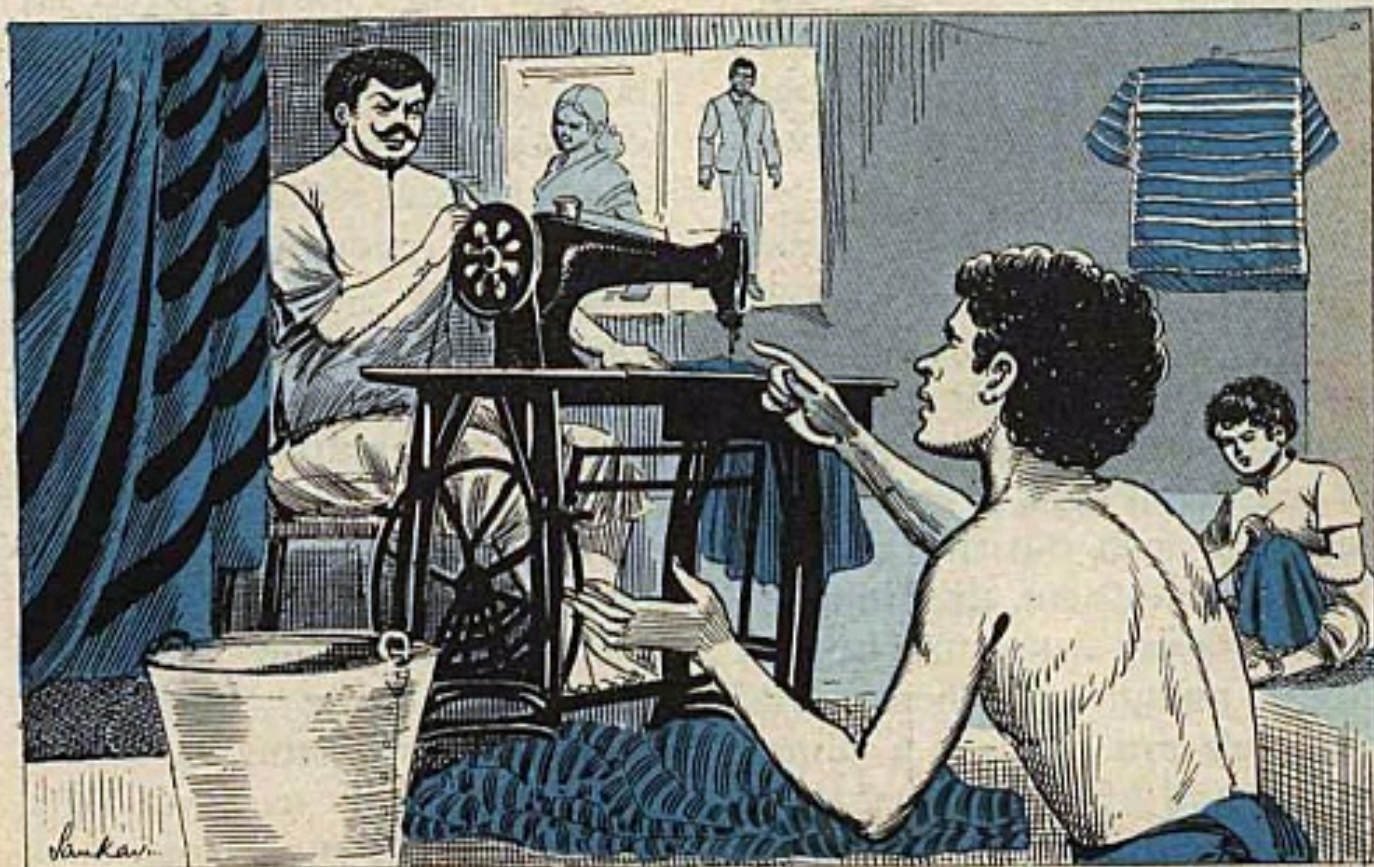
The curs did not answer, only wagged their tails in

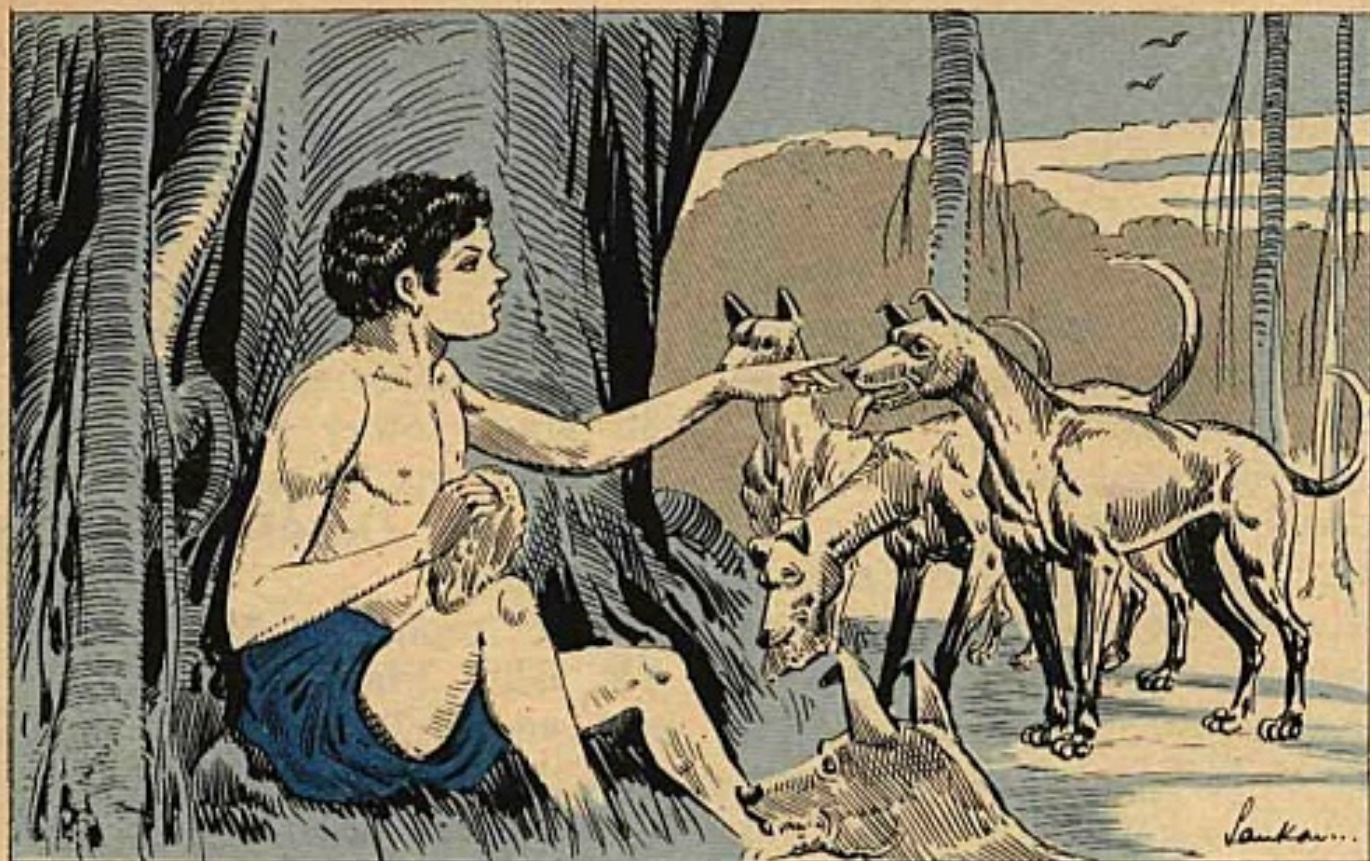
expectation of more. Moti said again, "Alright, four of you owe me twenty paise all together. Bring the money tomorrow." The curs said not a word.

In the evening when he returned home empty handed, his grandmother said, "Moti, it seems you've sold all the doughnuts. Good! Where's the money?"

Moti replied, "My friends Vir, Dhir, Maru and Suri ate two each. I ate two. They said they'll pay tomorrow."

Grandma became annoyed and said, "You mean you gave the doughnuts on credit. Never do that. Tomorrow,





I'll make some more so sell them and don't forget to collect what your friends owe you." Next day, Moti again went to the tree with ten more doughnuts. As usual, he gave away eight to the curs and ate two himself. Then he demanded payment for the doughnuts from the mongrels. But they merely wagged their tails and looked at him. Getting angry at last, Moti took a switch and began to lash out at the dogs. Yelping with pain, the mongrels dashed away with the boy in angry pursuit of them. The mongrels ran towards a ruined temple and Moti followed them shouting furiously. "I'll never

let you go, you cheats. Wait till I catch you."

Inside the ruined temple sat a band of dacoits just dividing the loot they had stolen from somewhere. When they heard Moti's furious shouting and the sound of padded feet, they thought the police were after them. Fearing for their safety, they dropped whatever they had brought and scattered into the jungle.

The mongrels entered the temple and Moti followed suit. When he saw the heaps of money on the floor, he exclaimed, "So this is where you keep your money! Why didn't you tell me about this?"

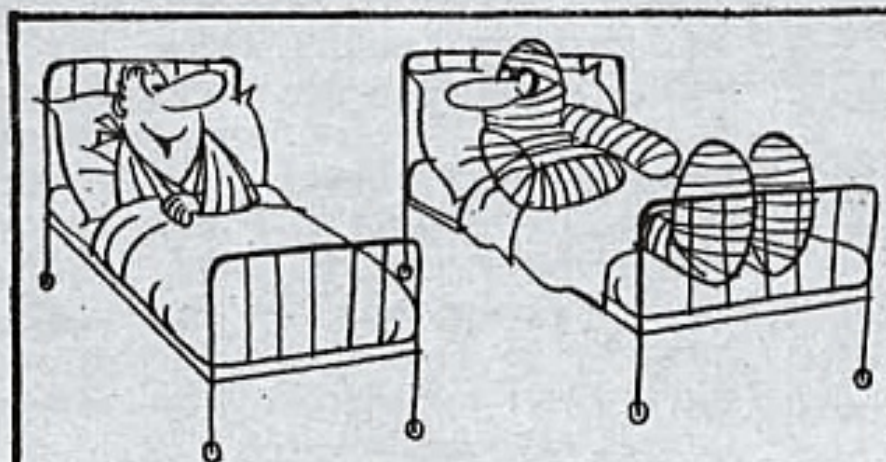
Then I wouldn't have beaten you at all."

He bundled the money up and returned home with the curs. He gave the money to his grandma and said, "Look, grandma, this is the money I got from these four. They are good folks. Everyday, you must feed them with doughnuts and don't ask for payment."

The old woman realized that Moti's friends were not humans

but four hungry looking curs. She also learnt from him how he came by the money. She was not angry with him, but rather excited by all the money.

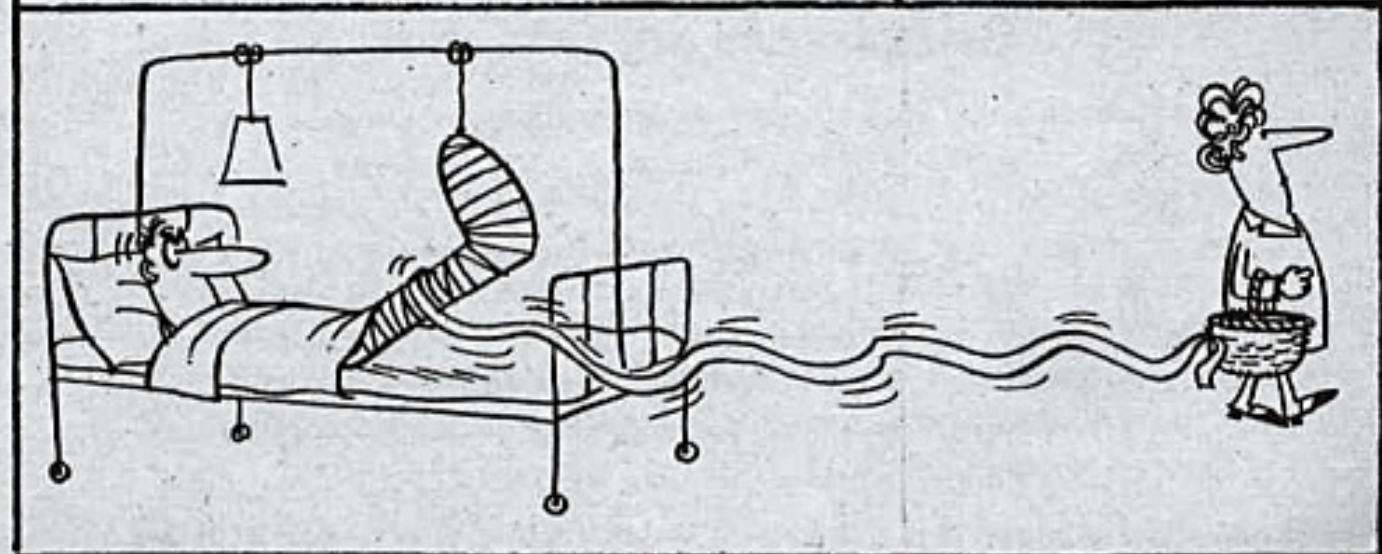
From that day on, the curs lived happily under the loving care of Moti and his grandmother. As for Moti, grandma sent him to a good school and spent all the money on his education so that he became a wise man.



"It's lucky that you were passing by just as I fell off the ladder!"



"I don't think you know much about first aid."



THE STORY OF THE COVER

THE CRASH OF LANCES!



AN occasion where gallant knights could show off before their ladies; that was the main idea of the 15th.-century tournaments. By that time, the lances of the knights had been blunted and armour on both men and horses padded to prevent injury, so jousting could take place without danger to the contestants. A barrier was placed between the horses and to the roars of encouragement from the crowd, the knights would charge down, one on each side, and try to unsaddle each other. A skilful knight would often unseat all challengers.

WHY DO GRASS-EATING ANIMALS EAT ALL DAY LONG?

When we see animals such as cows, sheep and horses in a field, they always seem to be busily chewing away at the grass; but, of course, they cannot do this *all* the time, for there must be periods of rest in which to digest what has been eaten. Yet such animals do spend a great deal of the day in feeding; the reason is that there is so little bulk substance in grass that a vast amount has to be eaten in order to satisfy the appetite, especially of such big creatures as cows and horses.



Robin Hood and his Merry Men were far too clever to be caught by the Norman soldiers sent into Sherwood Forest to capture them. The Sheriff of Nottingham who was with the Normans, was very angry about it, and he knew that the baron, Robert the Wolf, would blame him.

Sir Stephen, the knight in command of the Normans, tried scouting on his own, hoping to challenge Robin Hood to single combat. At last they came face to face. Robin's arrow knocked Sir Stephen off his horse. "That makes us even," declared Robin defiantly.



Sir Stephen brandished his great sword vigorously. Robin had only his quarter staff but he advanced boldly. Again and again, the knight struck at Robin and missed. Robin skilfully dodged the wild sweeps of the Norman's sword.



Then, when the knight did not expect it, Robin darted in and struck the knight a tremendous blow on his helmet. Sir Stephen hurled his sword at Robin, but Robin nimbly dodged it, and then hurled himself at the Norman. Together they crashed to the ground.

All the fight was knocked out of Sir Stephen and he lay there gasping for breath. Robin could have slain him but he was far too merciful for that. "You are my prisoner," he said sternly. "I give in," gasped the fallen knight.



Robin led his prisoner away. He soon met some of his men with Will Scarlet and told them to take the Norman knight to their camp. "But keep an eye on him," he told them, sternly. "We will," promised the outlaws, marching away.

A Norman scout saw Sir Stephen being led away prisoner and he ran to take the news to the Sheriff of Nottingham, who now commanded the soldiers as Sir Guy was badly wounded. The Sheriff was timid and scared, and did not know what to do.



In any case, night was falling and he was afraid of what Robin might do in the darkness, so he ordered his men to return to Nottingham. The outlaws watched from the thickets as their enemies marched out of the forest. "Well done lads," cried Robin. "But we must be ready in case they come back again."





Sir Stephen the captured knight, was taken to a little hut and an outlaw was ordered to stand guard over him. "Watch him well," said Robin Hood. "But treat him kindly. I am going to rest now, but wake me at dawn." "I will do that," replied the sentry.

The sentry did his duty well, but in the middle of the night Sir Stephen said he was thirsty. "Give me a drink Saxon," he said gruffly. "I will do that willingly," replied the sentry, remembering all that Robin had ordered.



The sentry did not suspect any trouble. He brought a cup of water and handed it to Sir Stephen. The Norman knight took it, then, with one swift movement, threw the water into the man's face, taking the outlaw by surprise.

The next instant, Sir Stephen knocked his guard to the ground and the man lay there unconscious. The cunning Norman knight leapt over the man's outstretched body and darted out of the hut and away into the forest—and freedom.



Robin was shaken out of his sleep in the middle of the night to hear the news that his prisoner had managed to escape. "Go after him. Try to catch him," he exclaimed, although he knew it would not be easy in the dark.

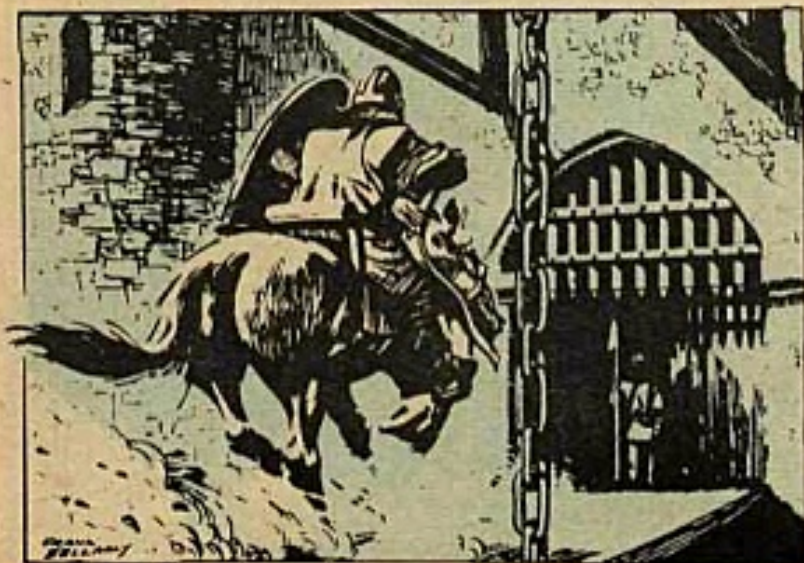
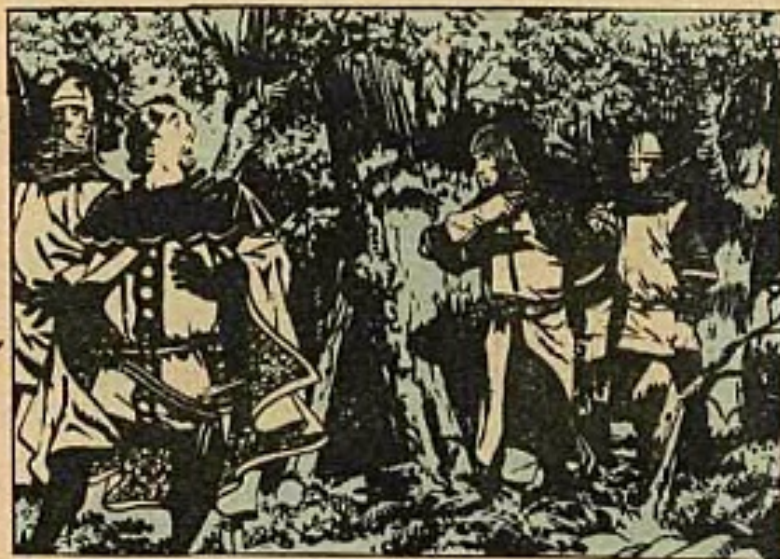
Robin was right. The dense shadows under the trees were very helpful to the Norman knight as he fled as fast as he could away from Robin's camp. He had to struggle on and on, through the tangled undergrowth under the trees.





Robin's men tried to find him but the darkness made the task impossible. Sir Stephen wondered if he would ever escape from this forest, then two of his soldiers, on the edge of the forest, heard him. When Sir Stephen saw the soldiers, he shouted. "Take me at once to the Sheriff of Nottingham."

The Sheriff had taken over the command of the soldiers during the absence of Sir Stephen, but now the commander had turned up again. "Send a messenger to Robert the Wolf," ordered Sir Stephen. "We must have more men to beat Robin Hood."



Later that morning, a messenger galloped from the forest to Nottingham Castle with the urgent plea for help, and Robert the Wolf, who hated Robin Hood, was not likely to refuse. All the Normans wanted to get rid of Robin Hood.

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE



SOUDAMINI

Soudamini was a lovely maiden who lived with her rich grandfather. They lived happily until that fateful day when her grandfather, suddenly lost all his wealth in a business deal. So they left the big city in which they lived and went to a remote village where the grandfather built a small cottage for their use. Though they had a roof over their heads, they had to eat and for this they needed an income. The grandfather was too old to work and so Souda-

mini took up a position as maidservant in the rich household of Viswanath. There she had to sweep, and dust and clean the cowshed and graze the cows.

Viswanath had a daughter named Chandra. She was very plain to look at and no matter how well she dressed herself, she always looked a plain jane. But Soudamini shone like a bright jewel even in her humble clothes.

A couple of years later, the



grandfather died and Soudamini became an orphan. But Viswanath retained her in his household largely because of his wife who was too lazy to work and needed a maidservant all the time to do her bidding.

Viswanath's wife was a shrew and her husband lacked the courage to correct her behaviour. In fact, he was very much afraid of his wife. As for her, she was jealous of Soudamini's great beauty and never missed an opportunity to pour her wrath on the poor girl.

Soudamini worked very hard all day long. She would take the cows out to graze and return home in the evening tired and

hungry. Her mistress gave her very little to eat but the poor girl never complained.

One day, Soudamini went to the forest as usual, driving the cows before her. When she returned home she found on a tally of the cows that one was missing. When she reported the loss to her mistress the latter became angry and scolded her. "Why, you good—for—nothing baggage! You are a careless hussy. Go and search for the cow. If you don't find it, never come back here," she said.

Poor Soudamini taking the two pieces of dry bread given to her by Viswanath's wife set out in search of the missing cow. She went deep into the forest and there she saw the missing cow tied to a tree in front of a small cottage. She ran forward calling out to the cow. "Lakshmi," she called, softly for that was the cow's name. The cow for its part shook its head in glad welcome.

Just then a voice cried out from within the cottage. "Oho! Have you come in search of the cow. Come inside."

Soudamini tiptoed into the cottage and saw three ugly looking gnomes sitting round a fire. One of the gnomes looked at

her and said, "are you not afraid of us?"

Soudamini replied, "No! I don't fear you. Actually I came in search of my cow."

Then the first gnome saying, "I won't allow you to go back home as you are," caressed her head with his hand. In a trice the poor girl lost all her hair and became dark and ugly. But she did not utter a word.

The second gnome surprised at her silence said, "Aren't you angry with us for transforming you like this?"

"No! I am not angry. After all, you saved my cow. In return for that I want you to share my food," she said.

Soudamini divided her bread into four equal pieces and gave one to each gnome. Then they all sat down and made a hearty meal of the bread. The gnomes were so happy with the good natured girl that each one blessed her. At once Soudamini turned more beautiful than ever, and her lovely long hair shone brightly. She found out that she could sing also and pleased the gnomes further by singing a delightful song. Then she bade them farewell and returned home with the cow.

Viswanath's wife was astoun-

ded to see a new Soudamini and taxed her with the reason for the change. Then the girl related all that had happened. Her mistress grew more jealous at the girl's good fortune and decided to send her daughter to the gnomes the next day. Next day, she loaded Chandra with all kinds of tasty food and with her husband set off for the gnomes' cottage.

Having arrived there, husband and wife hid behind a tree and sent Chandra into the cottage. Again a voice cried out, "Oho! Did the other girl ask you to come here?"

"Yes, I have brought better food than what she gave you





yesterday. Eat it and make me more beautiful than Soudamini" replied Chandra.

"Oh! I see!" said one of the gnomes. "So you think we'll do anything for a morsel of food eh! You're so different from the other girl."

The gnome passed his hand over Chandra and in a trice, the latter lost all her hair and turned uglier than before. Screeching with fear, she ran out of the cottage and narrated all to her parents. In a fit of rage, Viswantah's wife drove Souda-

mini out of the house and the poor girl took refuge in the cow-shed.

In the meanwhile, Chandra weeping bitterly over her misfortune ran to the well to drown herself. But Soudamini caught her in the nick of time and said, "Look here Chandra, if you leap into the well, I'll follow suit. Instead let us both go to the gnomes and request them to change you to your original form."

So both of them retraced their steps to the cottage in the forest. They found the three gnomes sitting inside.

Soudamini said to them, "Oh! friends, Chandra is like a sister to me. You have made her more ugly than before. Either make her as beautiful as you've made me, or turn me ugly like her. We shall always be together."

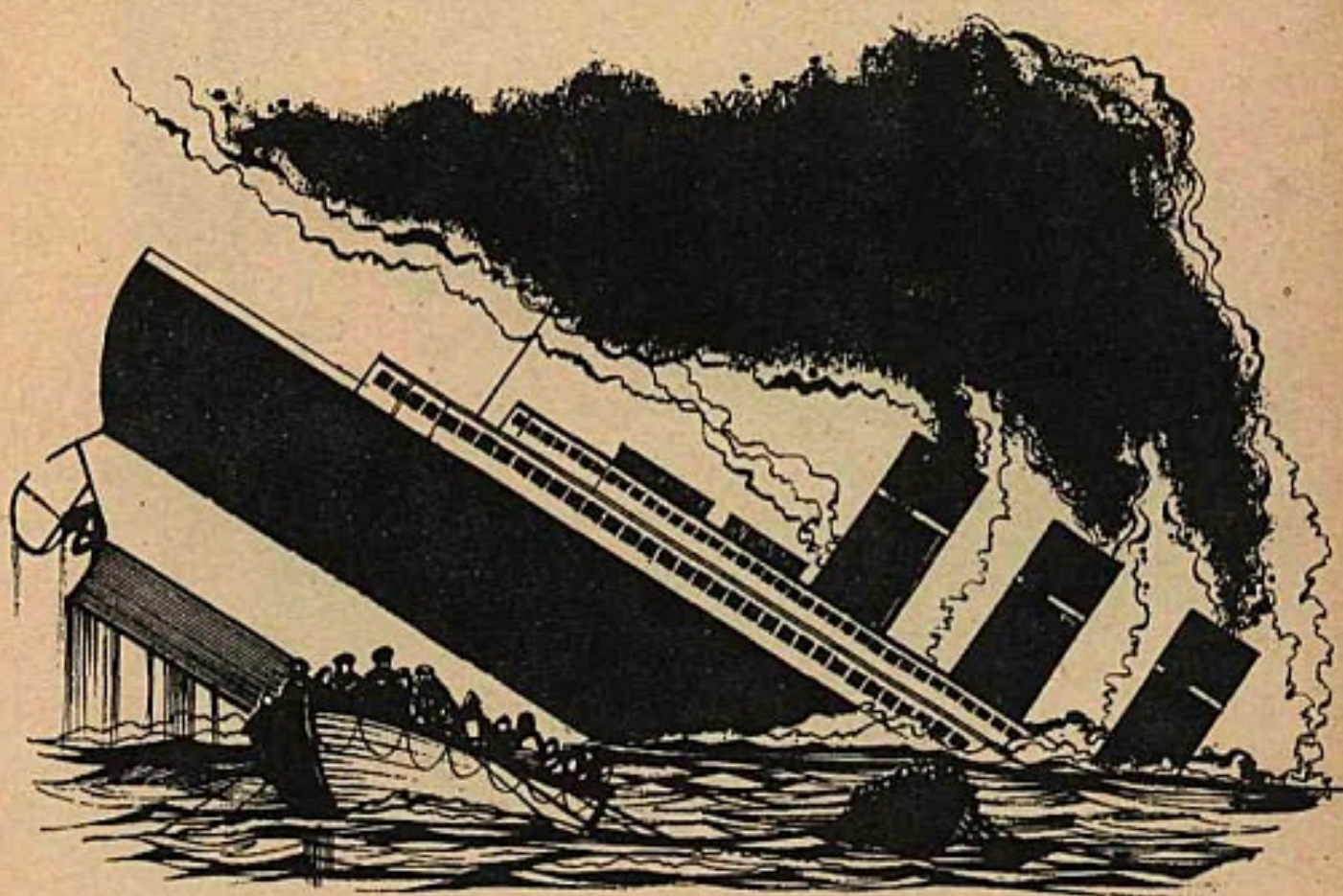
The gnome replied, "Ah! Yes, If only she had been as patient as you were. Well, never mind, for your sake, I'll turn her into a good looking girl."

Then the gnome passed his hand over Chandra and hey presto! She became a comely maiden with lovely long hair. The other gnomes gave her a nice singing voice. So both

girls were overjoyed and after praising the gnomes for their goodness came back to the grieving parents who thought Chandra had drowned herself.

Then Chandra told her mother that the goodness of Soudamini had turned her into

an attractive young lady. From that day on, Viswanath's wife dropped her jealousy and began to love Soudamini as her own child. Both Chandra and Soudamini brought everlasting happiness to their home with their melodious songs.



WHY DO SHIPS SINK SLANTWISE?

There are many reasons why this is so but the main one is balance. The shape of the ship is important too. Many vessels have what are called centre-line bulkheads, and as their name indicates, bulkheads are designed to protect ships in an emergency. If a ship is 'holed' on one side of the centre, water will flow in on that damaged side and it will build up until eventually the ship will sink with a slanting motion. Many passenger ships have a system of 'cross over' pipes to take water to the other side of the ship to balance her.



THE GINGERBREAD MAN

Once upon a time there lived a farmer, his wife and their little son. The little boy liked living on the farm and when he could he helped his father to do the many jobs that needed to be done in the farmyard and in the fields.

However, sometimes, when the weather was very bad, his mother would not let him go out to play and instead the little boy stayed in the kitchen where it was warm.

There, he would sit close to the big stone oven and watch

his mother hard at work, baking and cooking.

One day, when the little boy's mother was baking some ginger bread cakes he asked her to make him a gingerbread man. His mother had some of the cake mixture over and after a few minutes work she had made a little gingerbread man. He had arms and legs and a round head. His eyes, nose and mouth were made from currants and he had a row of currant buttons on his chest.

The farmer's wife popped him into the oven and closed the door. The little boy could hardly wait to see the ginger-



bread man when it was cooked and when he thought it had been in the oven long enough he opened the door. As he peeped inside, the gingerbread man suddenly jumped out of the oven and down on to the floor. The little boy was so surprised he could not speak, but as the gingerbread man ran across the floor he managed to shout, "Where are you running to, gingerbread man?"

"I am going to run and run and run. You will never be able to catch me," replied the gingerbread man.

"We will see about that," said the boy and he started to run after the gingerbread man as fast as his legs would go. Out into the farmyard he went, calling to his mother as he went. His mother saw the gingerbread man and called out, "Where are you running to, gingerbread man?"

"I have outrun your son and I can outrun you, too," called the gingerbread man. Out they went into the fields, running as hard as they could, but they were not as fast as the gingerbread man.

The little boy's father was working in the fields and saw them coming. "I have outrun

your son, I have outrun your wife and I can outrun you, too," called out the gingerbread man. The farmer threw down his hoe and he, too, took up the chase. Faster and faster they went, but before long the gingerbread man had outrun them all.

Soon, the gingerbread man passed two men who were digging a well and one of them called out to him, "Where are you running to, gingerbread man?"

"I have outrun a farmer, his wife and their little boy and I can outrun you too," was the gingerbread man's reply.

"We will see about that," said the two men and they threw down their shovels and ran after him, but they could not catch up with the gingerbread man either and before long they were so out of breath that they had to sit down and rest.

On and on ran the gingerbread man and by and by he came to two men who were digging a ditch.

"Where are you running to, gingerbread man?" they called out to him.

"I have outrun a farmer, his wife, their little boy and two well-diggers," replied the gingerbread man, "and I can outrun

you, too!"

"You can, can you?" the two men said and with that they threw down their shovels, jumped out of the ditch and chased after him. Through fields and hedges they ran, but however hard the two ditch-diggers tried, they could not catch the gingerbread man. Puffing and blowing the two men sank down to the ground breathless and exhausted.

By and by the gingerbread man passed a big, brown bear and the bear called out to him, "Where are you running to, gingerbread man?"

"I have outrun a farmer, his wife, their little boy, two well-diggers, two ditch-diggers and I can outrun you, too," replied the gingerbread man.

"We will see about that," said the bear with a deep growl and off he trotted, as fast as his furry brown legs would carry him, but the bear could not catch the gingerbread man and before long he was left far, far behind.

On and on went the gingerbread man and by and by he came to a wolf. The wolf said, "Where are you running to in such a hurry gingerbread man?"

The gingerbread man replied,



"I have outrun a farmer, his wife, his little boy, two well-diggers, two ditch-diggers, a bear and I can outrun you too."

"You can, can you?" snarled the wolf, and jumping up he chased after the gingerbread man as fast as he could go, but although he was a very fast runner, he could not catch him.

Turning round, the ginger-

bread man saw that he had outrun the wolf, who had flopped down in the road, completely out of breath.

On and on went the gingerbread man, until by and by, he came to a wall. Sitting on top of the wall was a crafty old fox. He particularly liked gingerbread men to eat, so he called down, "Where are you running to, gingerbread man?"

The gingerbread man replied, "I have outrun a farmer, his wife, their little boy, two well-diggers, two ditch-diggers, a bear, a wolf and I can outrun you, too."

The fox did not move. He only put one paw up to his ear and said, "I can't quite hear what you are saying. Won't you come a little closer?"

The gingerbread man stopped

and called out in a loud voice, "I have outrun a farmer, his wife, their little boy, two well-diggers, two ditch-diggers, a bear, a wolf and I can outrun you, too."

"I still can't hear you," said the crafty fox. He stretched out his neck and turned his head to one side. "Won't you come a little nearer, gingerbread man?"

The gingerbread man came very close to the fox and yelled at the top of his voice, "I have outrun a farmer, his wife, their little boy, two well-diggers, two ditch-diggers, a bear, a wolf and I can outrun you, too."

Before the gingerbread man had finished speaking the fox jumped down from the wall and in one great mouthful, he had gobbled him up

WHY IS AN UMBRELLA SO CALLED?

The word "umbrella" is used not only for the object so familiar to us, but also to describe flowers or leaves which stretch out and envelope (enclose), just like an umbrella. In botany, the word becomes *umbriferous* but the meaning is much the same. However, umbrella comes from the Italian word *ombra*, meaning "shade". The Italian word *ombrella* means a little shade, so our umbrella is simply something that gives us shade as well as protecting us from rain and snow.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the May issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 31st March.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in January Issue

The prize is awarded to
Mr. M. Raman
M-4/4 Fourth Main Road
Besant Nagar, Madras 90

Winning Entry—'A Touch of Affection'—'An Act of Perfection'



GREED

High up in the hills lived a tribe of hunters. They led rough, rustic lives and hunted for game. Two brothers, Maru and Gangu were the leaders of the tribe. When the hunting season was lean, these two would disappear into the hills for a few days. But when they came back they would bring money and food for the rest of the tribe. Nobody knew what they did or how they came by the money and food. The tribe did not bother much because the two brothers looked after

them well and helped them out in lean days.

One day, the two brothers came across a foundling in the forest. Noticing that no one claimed the baby, they brought it home, christened it Sona and looked after it with loving care. The boy grew up to manhood and was of great help to the brothers who had now gone very very old.

One day, Gangu died and Maru, the elder brother was left alone. He had now become quite infirm and could no longer

go out on his periodical excursions into the hills. He had little money and his crude house was falling to pieces. He needed to go into the hills but without assistance he could not do what he intended to do. At last he called Sona to his side and said, "Son, I am going to show you a great secret. Promise me you'll never tell anybody."

Sona promised and Maru asked him to go with him to a certain place. They travelled for several days and nights and crossed many rivers and mountains. At last they came to a red coloured hill. Maru stopped before a large cave at the base of the hill. He beckoned Sona to follow him and went inside the dark cave. There he lit an earthen lamp and sat on a rock. Then he said to Sona, "Look here son, listen to me carefully. This is what you must do." Then taking out a root, he continued, "I'll burn this root. Blue and green vapour will come out of it. I'll burn ten more like this after I burn one, you must keep a loud tally of the roots. Whatever happens, don't be afraid. Be brave, stay here and finish your work."

Slightly bewildered, Sona nodded his head. Then Maru



took out the roots and Sona began to burn them. The old man covered himself with a blanket and began a weird incantation. Then he drank deep from a phial in his hand. All at once Sona saw Maru gradually dissolve until where he sat, only a green snake slithered this way and that. Although Sona shook with fear, he stuck to his post and continued with his work. The snake slithered into a hole and disappeared. Seconds later, it came out and dropped some gold coins at his feet. This went on until Sona had burnt all the ten roots. Then at last, the snake changed back into the old man. Then

Maru tied the money into a nice bundle and followed by Sona trekked home. On the way curiosity getting the better of him, Sona asked, "So this is how you and your brother managed to bring back such a lot of money?"

Maru replied, "Yes. With the money, we have now got, we can live comfortably for several years. But don't let out the secret to anybody."

Sona wanted to find out all about the weird spell mumbled by Maru but he knew that the

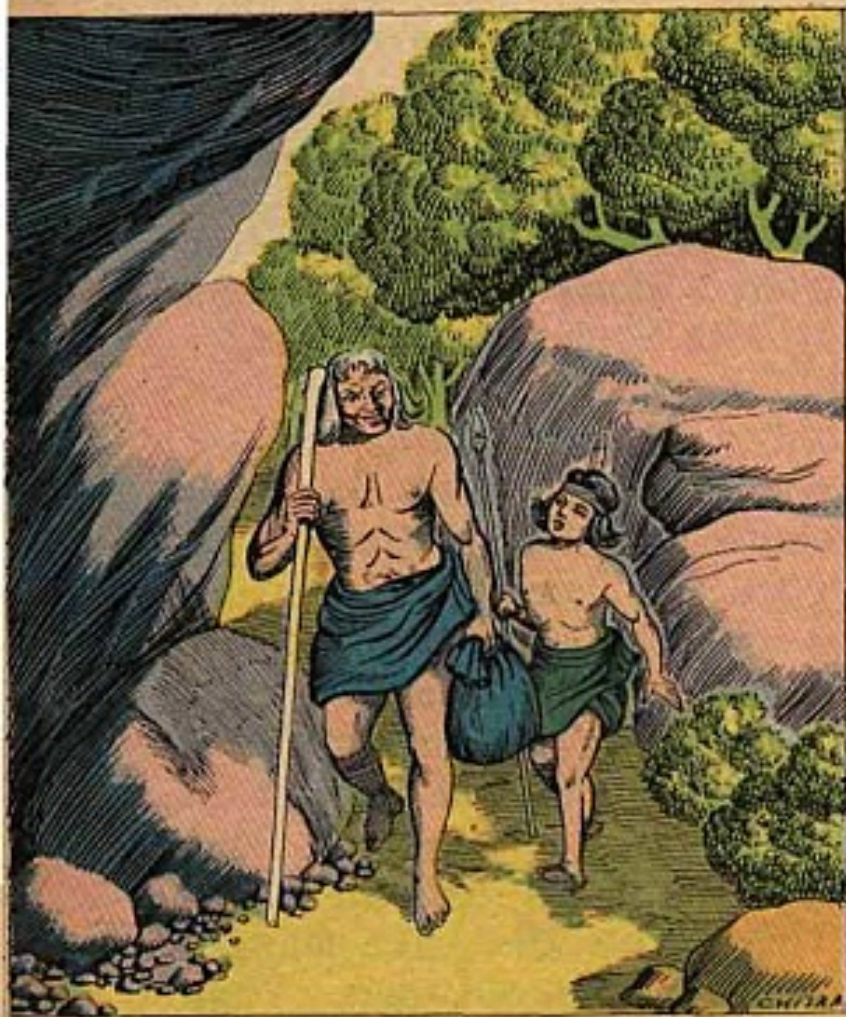
old man would never reveal the secret.

In the following years, they made several trips to the red-hills and always came back with a lot of Money. Now Maru was quite old and almost blind. So he arranged for the marriage of Sona with a smart tribal girl called Mongu who cooked and kept house for them.

One day, she learnt about their secret trips to the hills and asked Sona about it. But he would not answer. She nagged him so that at last he told her all. Then she said, "I don't understand why you should make so many trips. Go once more and bring back all the wealth. If we learn the secret spell from the old man, then we don't have to bother about him. We can carry on the experiment ourselves."

Next day, they rummaged through the old man's belongings and brought out his strips of bark on which the spell was written. In the old man's absence, they drank the fiery liquid and chanted the spell, but nothing happened.

Mongu asked Sona to observe the old man's actions the next time they went to the red hill. Sona did so and tried the experi-





ment at home again. This time Sona was successful and changed into a snake, but he could not change back. Just then Maru came in and taking pity on Sona helped him to regain his form.

Then Mongu said to Maru, "Look here, old man I know your secret. Now all that money in the cave is ours."

Maru replied, "Very well, it shall be yours. I don't need the money where I will shortly travel. As you two know the magic spell, you can do the experiment yourselves."

Next morning, the three of them set out for the Red hills. On reaching the cave Sona and

Mongu covered themselves with blankets and began to chant the spell. Maru began to burn the roots. In a few moments, the young couple changed into two green snakes. They slithered into the dark hole and brought out the gold coins. Maru kept on burning the roots, until he came to the tenth, but the snakes did not change back.

Then Maru laughed and said, "Oh! I see, you haven't learnt the spell to change back into your human forms! When I counted nine, you could have easily changed back. As you forgot that, I am afraid, you'll have to remain snakes for the rest of your lives. I think you deserve to remain like this, because you tried to cheat me and I'll take these gold pieces." Then Maru took the money and went home. As for Sona and Mongu they remained as snakes for the rest of their lives.

HOW DID THE BLACK SEA GET ITS NAME?

This big inland sea got its name from the darkness of the water, which is coloured by chemicals from the black rocks in mountains around. The Black Sea covers some 160,000 square miles and has four countries on its shores—Bulgaria, Romania, Russia, and Turkey.



FORESIGHT

One day while King Marthandavarma of Magadha was holding court, his soldiers ushered into his presence, a cruel looking man. Behind him stood a young maiden weeping piteously.

The king looked at his soldiers and said, "Who are these people and what have they done?" At these words the girl came forward and narrated between sobs her sad story.

"Your Majesty, this cruel fellow was given shelter in our house by my mother last night because it was raining heavily. In return for this act of kindness, he slew my mother with his sword because her fit of coughing had disturbed him during the night. He tried to run away but luckily neighbours who heard my cries for help caught him."

The king looked at the prisoner who replied, callously, "Yes! It is as the girl says. That old woman kept on coughing. I warned her more than once. She didn't listen to me and I couldn't sleep a wink. I was so angry that I killed her to keep her quiet."

The courtiers who heard this man coolly confess to his dastardly crime angrily asked the king to punish him severely. But the king's minister suggested that they should free him as he might prove useful someday. The king was surprised at this request but because he had great respect for the sagacity and wisdom of his minister, he agreed and gave the prisoner over to him for safekeeping. The maiden was suitably compensated and sent home.

The minister imprisoned the murderer in a safe place, but gave him good food and a gymnasium to exercise in. The ruffian glad to have escaped with his life, ate heartily and exercised daily to keep trim and strong.

A few months later, a neighbouring king invaded Magadha. While the king was engaged in defending his realm, he received the alarming news that another Sultan had also entered the fray against him. However, his minister said, "Your Majesty, never fear. Our troops will defeat our neighbour's forces easily, but as for the Sultan, don't worry, I've already arranged a way to defeat him." Then he outlined his plan to the king.

Accordingly the king wrote a missive to the Sultan. The minister called the ruffian and giving the letter to him said, "Listen fellow. You must take this letter to the Sultan, who is encamped just outside the city and bring back a reply to the king's letter. Can you do this or are you frightened of the idea?"

The ruffian boasted, "Me fear the Sultan. Never. Give me the letter. I'll bring back



the reply in a jiffy."

When the Sultan was told that a messenger had arrived from the King of Magadha, he ordered him to be brought before him.

At that moment, the Sultan's general was with him and both thought that the King of Magadha was suing for peace.

The ruffian entered the royal tent and seeing two people inside asked in a loud voice, "Which of you is the Sultan?"

The Sultan rather offended by this brusque question answered gruffly, "I am the Sultan."

The ruffian threw the letter in front of him and said, "Here



is the letter written by the King of Magadha. Read it and write out the reply." Then he stood on one side insolently.

The Sultan and the general read the letter and were thunder struck, because the king of Magadha had heaped abuses on them in the choicest of words. Their faces suffused with anger they looked at the insolent messenger who stamped the ground impatiently and said, "Well, what about the reply?"

The Sultan flung the letter at his face and said, "Reply, well this is my reply." Then drawing his sword, he attacked the rude fellow. At once the ruffian drew his own sword and after a fierce duel killed the Sultan and the general.

Hearing the commotion, the Sultan's guards burst into the tent and seeing their slain leaders, executed the ruffian on

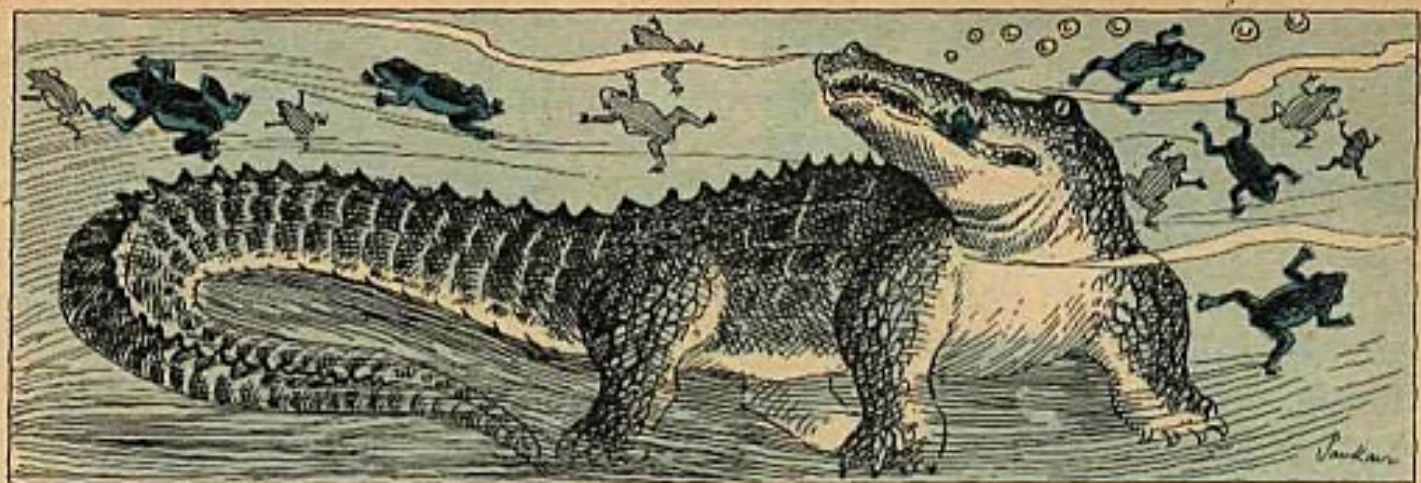
the spot. But the army, now leaderless did not have the heart to continue the battle and so went home. The King of Magadha was able to beat back the first invasion and the land was saved. Thus the minister's foresight was rewarded.

Now the king understood why his minister had said that the ruffian's life ought to be spared because he might prove useful someday. Thereafter, he never questioned the wisdom of his minister's decisions and ruled his land wisely.



WHICH IS THE MOST INTELLIGENT ANIMAL?

This is a question which even the most intelligent among human beings cannot answer. Chimpanzees, dogs, elephants, horses—these are but a few of the most intelligent of all animals; yet many people regard a sea creature—a dolphin—as having the greatest sense. This animal can be taught all kinds of tricks, including jumping through a hoop.



DISCIPLINE

"We can't live like this. There's no discipline at all here. There must be some order. To bring order and law we need a king," croaked the old Bullfrog.

At these words all the croaking stopped and the frogs looked at each other in dismay.

Said another young frog, "A king! What do we need a king for, we're all kings here!"

Immediately a babel of croaking broke out until the bullfrog's voice cut through the medley of noise like a whiplash and brought silence again to the millpond. But what the old bull frog had said was perfectly true. The frogs in the millpond needed a stern king alright!

But let's begin at the beginning.

In a certain millpond lived a number of frogs. They were an independent lot and did as they pleased. They were always quarrelling with one another and fights broke out frequently. They filled the area with their rancour noise and little boys threw stones at them. There was absolutely no discipline and no one could control them.

That was why certain elderly bullfrogs held meetings regularly to find out how they could control the unruly band.

The oldest of them, a venerable greybeard proposed that they should have a king and the frogs not knowing what a king was looked at one another in dismay.

The old bull boy continued,

"We shall pray to Lord Varuna to send us a king." You see, Lord Varuna was the God of the Frogs everywhere. So they prayed to their God. When Lord Varuna, the God of Rain heard what they wanted he sent down a huge boulder shaped like a large frog.

When the boulder splashed into the water and sank, the frogs scattered in all directions croaking in fear, so loud was the noise of the new king. The first two or three days, calm and peace reigned in the millpond because the frogs were afraid of their new king. A few days later two or three brash ones approached the rock gingerly and experimently touched the sides. When nothing happened, they clambered up and did the frog version of the Frug on the head of the new king. Now they all discovered that their new king was deaf and dumb and absolutely still. So they began to laugh and make fun of their king who did nothing to prevent their actions. So again bedlam broke out and the frogs became even more disorderly and noisy than before.

The elders in the tribe again put their heads together. We must ask for a new king, they

decided. So again a prayer went up to the heavens. When Lord Varuna appeared before them, the bull frogs croaked, "Oh! Lord, the young ones do not fear the present king. Send someone who can instil fear in their hearts."

Next day, a huge crocodile slithered noiselessly into the millpond. The frogs welcomed their new king with a chorus of harsh croaking. But the croc went down all unheeding and catching hold of the fat ones made a hearty meal of frog meat.

This happened everyday. The frogs grew frightened at this new menace, many of them perished between the jaws of the crocodile because they could never hear the approach of the reptile. Then all at once the frogs ceased their croaking. Now only the bellowing of the crocodile could be heard. The frogs quietened down considerably. They now took shelter under the rocks in the pond and hardly stirred out. There was hardly a peep from them and from that day on, peace and calm reigned in that area.



The Old Man's Dog

In a certain village lived an old man and his wife. They worked as farm labourers and made a little money, at least enough to live modestly. They had no children, only a dog on whom they lavished all their love.

One day, the old couple went into the forest and the dog wagging its tail followed them.

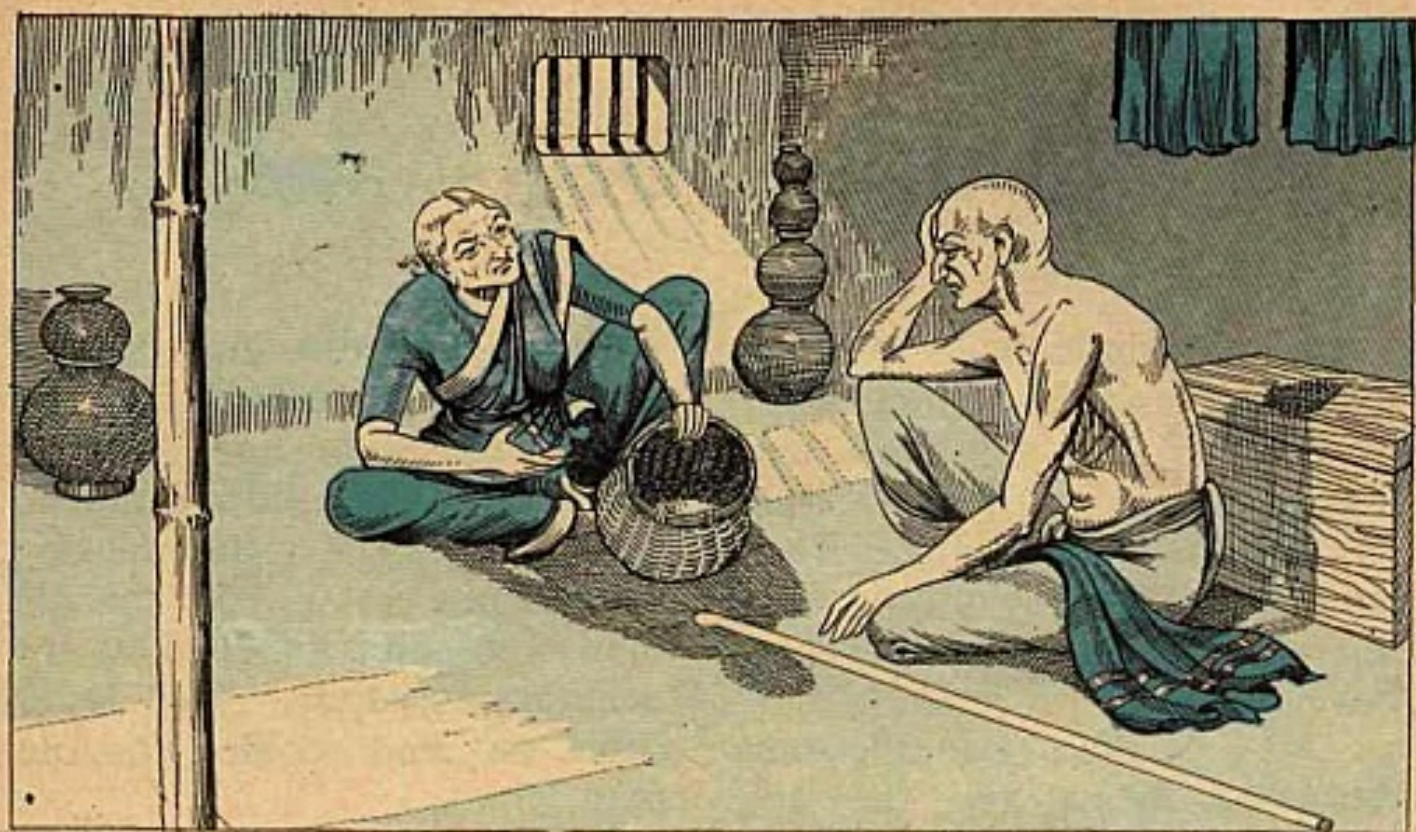
Only the dog started pawing the ground in front of it and began digging up the earth. Puzzled by the dog's behaviour, the old man dug up the ground and discovered a pot full of gold coins. Overjoyed at this sudden windfall, the old couple lived more comfortably than before. The old man was a generous soul and he gave away a lot of money in charity. He helped the needy with small loans and generally earned a good reputation for himself. A jealous neighbour soon found out that the old man's dog had unearthed all that wealth. So he accosted him and said, "My good fellow,

let me take your dog out for a stroll in the forest today."

The old man not realizing the man's game allowed him to take his dog out. But the dog never came home. So the old man went and knocked at his neighbour's door. The latter came out and scolded the old man.

"What kind of a dog did you send with me? When it pawed the ground, I dug up the earth and got only stones and coal for my pains. In my





anger, I killed your dog and left the carcass behind". Then he shut the door in the old man's face.

The old man was grief stricken at this news. But he would hardly go against his neighbour who was notorious for his toughness and rudeness. So sadly he went home and told his wife that their dog was dead. Then the sorrowing couple went to the forest, recovered the carcass of the dog and buried it in a shady corner in their backyard.

Some months later, they were surprised to see a large tree in the exact spot where they had buried their dog. When-

ever a fierce wind blew, the swaying tree threatened to topple over the house. Alarmed, the old man cut off a branch and made a pestle and mortar from the wood.

That year was a bad one for the crops. People starved and the old man helped out from time to time. But that was not enough. Still people starved. One day, the old woman put a fistful of grains into the mortar and began to pound it with the pestle. What was her surprise to find the mortar full to the brim with fine flour. She ran to tell her husband and he came and took out a fistful, but the flour never decreased in

quantity and the mortar was always full. So the old man gave freely to all and the people did not starve any more.

Again his rude neighbour got wind of this miracle. That evening he accosted the old man and said, "I understand that you have a magical mortar which you made from the tree that grew on the spot where the dog is buried. I am sorry I killed your dog. Give me your mortar and after pounding some flour, I'll return it to you tomorrow."

Reluctantly the old man parted with his mortar, but he never got it back. When he went to demand its return the next morning, the rude man said, "Your mortar! Its lying in my backyard, a heap of ashes by now. If you wish you can gather the ashes and take them home."

The old man wrung his hands in despair. His worry was that now he could no longer feed the village folk. With a heavy heart, he gathered the ashes and returned home. He went into his backyard and sprinkled some ash on the tree and was delighted to find some beautiful flowers bloom instantly on the tree. Then he sprinkled more

of the ash on a few more plants and they all bloomed with lovely flowers. Soon the fragrance of the flowers filled the house and spread all over the village.

After some time the local lord heard about the old man's beautiful garden. He sent for him because his garden always remained barren no matter what he did. The old man sprinkled his ash on the lord's garden and all the trees began to flower and their fragrance was heavenly. The landlord was all praise for the old man and loaded him with money and gifts. The old man returned home feeling very satisfied with





himself.

Again his loutish neighbour heard about the old man's good fortune and became intensely jealous. He reasoned that as he had burn the mortar, the ashes belonged to him. He still had some left with him. He could sprinkle these on the landlord's trees and make them flower even better. So gathering up all the ash, he set off for the landlord's house.

Arriving there, he said to the landlord, "Sir, that old man stole the ash from my backyard and sprinkled it over your garden and you rewarded him handsomely for that. Rightly all that money should come to

me. If you doubt what I say, I'll sprinkle some of this ash on your trees and you'll see that I am in the right."

The landlord took him to his beautiful garden and the lout began to sprinkle the ash over the plants. But alas! not a single flower appeared. Not only that, all the plants withered and drooped away. When the landlord saw his beautiful garden devastated he boiled with rage and calling his servants soundly thrashed the man. The rude fellow ran from that place and disappeared from the village. At last the old man was freed from his demands and lived happily.



MAHABHARATA

The story so far . . .

The enmity between the Kauravas and the Pandavas has reached a crisis, and war seems to be inevitable. The Pandava princes after listening to the profound wisdom of Lord Krishna send an envoy to Hastinapura, to state their claim for what lawfully belongs to them. Although Vidura and Bhishma counselled King Dhritarashtra against opposing the combine might of Arjuna and Krishna, Duryodhana remains defiant and even the entreaties of Queen Gandhari fail to move him and war becomes a certainty.

After the departure of Lord Krishna to Dwaraka, Yudhishthira and King Virata began to prepare for war. The word went out to all the clansmen and liege lords of the Pandavas. Soon with standards fluttering in the air and bugle calls heralding their approach, all those kings and vassals friendly to the Pandavas began to arrive with their armies.

The Kauravas, for their part began to assemble a huge army. Everywhere there was talk of war.

Drupada called his high-priest and said, "Sir, you know



**The emissary and his disciples
go to Hastinapura**

what a good man Yudhishtira is, and how over the protests of Vidura, Duryodhana inveigled the Pandavas into rolling the dice and with the aid of the crafty Sakuni defeated them. So, go and tell Dhritarashtra that the Pandavas have completed their period of exile according to the terms imposed upon them. The kingdom now belongs to them. Duryodhana will never part with the kingdom, I know, but if you speak to Vidura, that honest man will try to persuade the Kauravas into giving up their claim. I am sending you as

my good messenger. Duryodhana will treat you honourably, I know."

The same day, the High Priest left for Hastinapura.

In the meanwhile, Yudhishtira sent Arjuna to Dwaraka to enlist Lord Krishna's aid in the coming war. Duryodhana too, went to Dwaraka on the same mission.

The two sworn enemies entered Lord Krishna's palace at the same time and were escorted into his bed-chamber. Krishna was deep in slumber when the two were ushered into the chamber. Duryodhana sat down near his head and Arjuna stood near the Lord's outstretched feet respectfully.

A little later, Krishna woke up and his eyes fell on Arjuna.

He smiled and said, "Arjuna, I am glad to see you. But what brings you here at this hour?"

Then Duryodhana spoke up from his place, "Krishna, I arrived first. You don't seem to have noticed me!"

Krishna turned, smiled sweetly and replied, "Duryodhana, is it indeed you? When I woke up, the first person I saw was Arjuna. Never mind. After

all, Arjuna is younger, so it is only proper that he should state his business first."

Arjuna said, "Krishna, in the event of a war between the Pandavas and the Kauravas, I want you to help us."

Duryodhana promptly took up the cue and said, "Krishna, I came to you on the same mission. You are dear to both of us. Besides, you are an impartial judge of our affairs. I know you will not take sides. Therefore, I want you to help us."

Krishna cupped his chin in his hands, looked at each in turn and said, "You've put me into a dilemma. I should like to help you both. So this is what I'll do. I'll lend my army to the one who wants it and I'll place my personal services at the disposal of the other. So choose. But first, let Arjuna make his decision."

Duryodhana was alarmed at these words. What will Arjuna choose? It would not matter much if he chose Krishna who after all was only one individual. But if he chose the well equipped and powerful Narayana army, then all was lost.

But Arjuna's words dispelled his fears. "Oh! Good!" said



Duryodhana seeks the help of Balarama

Arjuna. "The Pandavas want nothing better than to have you on their side. We don't need your army."

Duryodhana was elated. Now he could command the vast forces of Lord Krishna. So hiding his joy he said, "I want only your armed forces."

"So be it," replied Lord Krishna beaming at him. Then Krishna turned to Arjuna and said, "Arjuna, why didn't you ask for my army? Don't you want to increase the strength of your army?"

Arjuna replied modestly, "Oh, Lord! No matter how



King Salya leads his army to join the Pandavas

vast the enemy forces, as long as we have you to guide and counsel us, how can we ever lose?"

Then Balarama, who had been a silent witness to all this said firmly, "I shall be neutral in this war. However, Arjuna you have my best wishes for ultimate victory."

Then Duryodhana happy at the thought that the redoubtable Balarama would remain neutral went in search of Krita-

varma who lent him a portion of his sizable army.

Arjuna returned to Upablaya after Krishna had promised to be his charioteer in the ensuing conflict.

Meantime, Salya, Nakula's uncle received the Pandava summons to join them, and accordingly with a huge army set out from his capital. When Duryodhana was informed of this, he sent out his men to entertain Salya's troops all along their route and provided them with ample hospitality on the way. Salya naturally assumed that all this was Yudhishtira's doing and so he exclaimed, "How can I ever repay such kindness such hospitality! I must help them to win the war." When he spoke thus he had in mind the Pandavas but Duryodhana who had overheard these words now came and bowed before him.

"Sir, it was I who arranged to keep your troops in comfort. Therefore, you must help me."

Poor Salya could hardly go back on his word and so rather reluctantly he promised to be on Duryodhana's side. Then he went in search of the Pandavas and explained bitterly

the reasons for the switch over in his allegiance.

Yudhishtira comforted him and said, "Uncle, you can't go back on your word now. But Karna will request you to be his charioteer, because no one else can drive his chariot. At that time, you must curb Karna's fierceness and protect Arjuna from his barbs."

Salya agreed to do this.

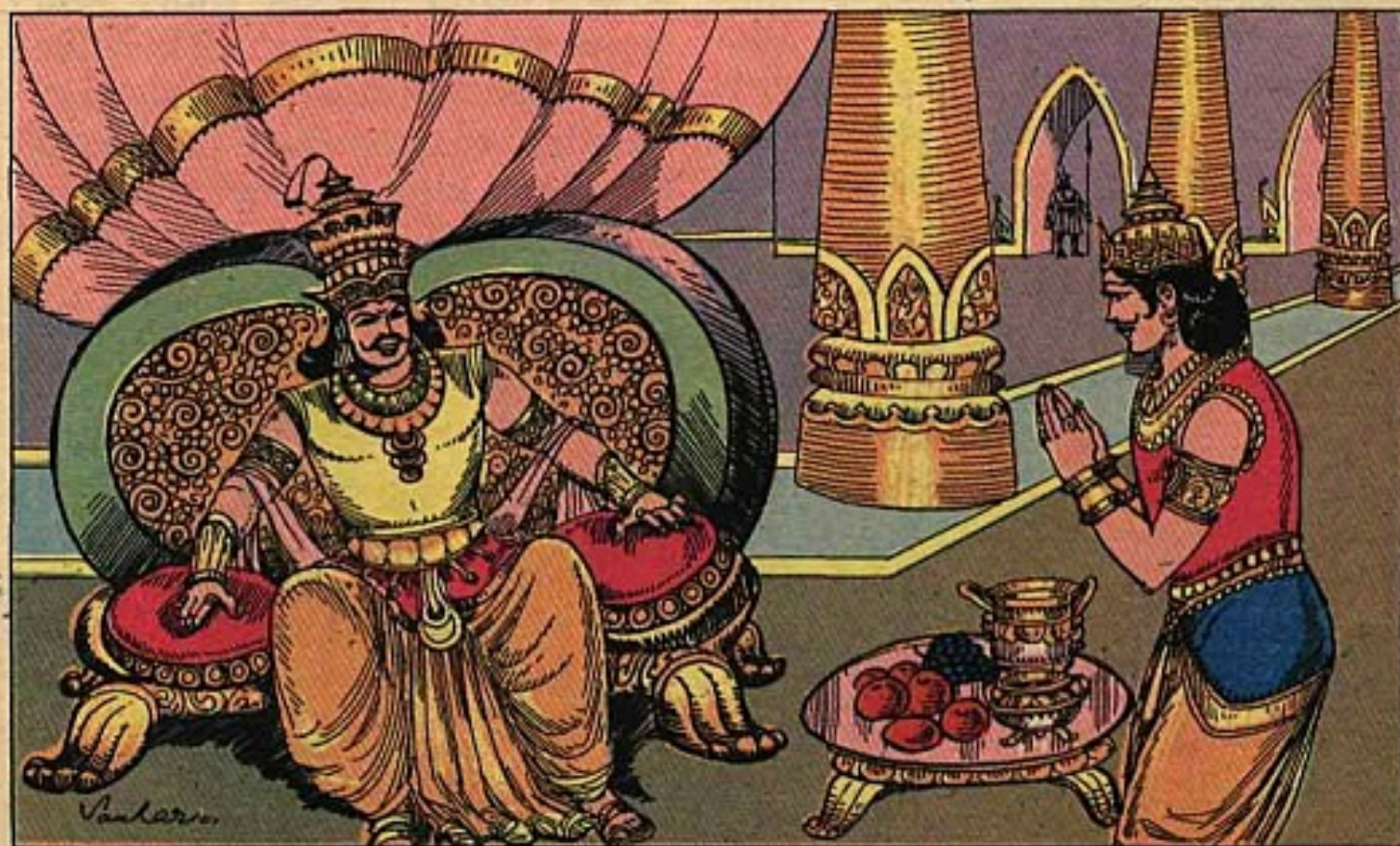
Then looking at the Pandavas compassionately, he said, "How you must have suffered during your exile in the forest! I tell you, though Duryodhana has a greater army, ultimate victory will be yours, because

you have truth and justice on your side."

Then Salya narrated the story of Dwastaprajapathi to illustrate his remark.

Dwastaprajapathi was a powerful prophet who created the three-headed Titan Vishwarupa to defeat Indra. The latter alarmed at the increasing powers of this Titan sent his dancing girls to weaken his fierce concentration. But it was of no avail. Finally, Indra went to battle and hurling his bolts of thunder killed Vishwarupa.

Dwastaprajapathi became angry at this reverse and created





a second and more powerful Titan called Vrithra, who launched a fierce attack against the ruler of the gods. In the ensuing battle Vrithra caught hold of Indra and swallowed him, but the latter came out through the mouth and ran for dear life.

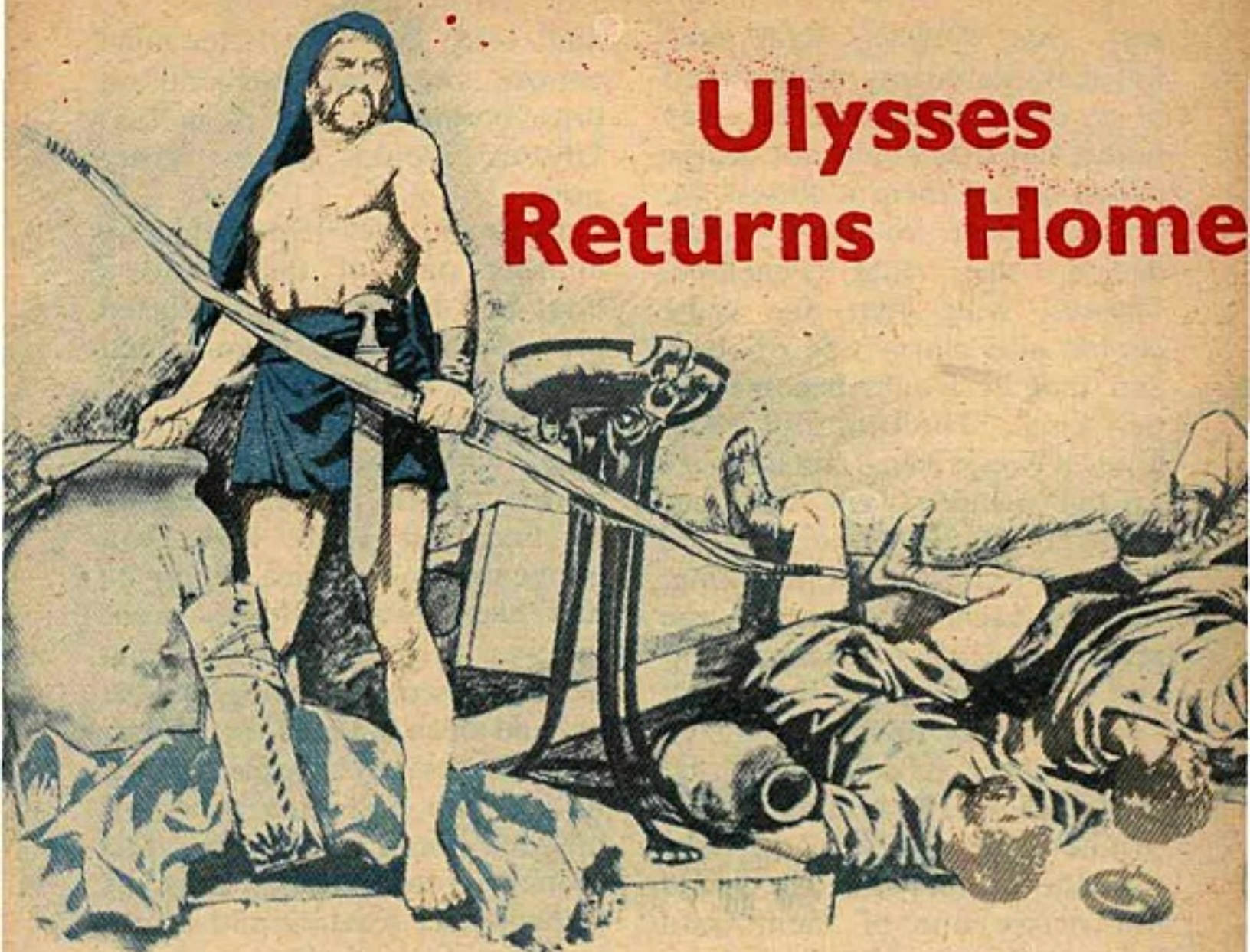
Then accompanied by the gods, he went to Lord Vishnu and requested aid to destroy Vrithra. Lord Vishnu said, "Indra, it's best if you sue for peace. Bide your time. You can't defeat him now."

So Indra pretended friendship and made peace with Vrithra who had also been similarly advised by several prophets. Some days later, while Vrithra was strolling along the sea-shore, Indra crept behind him and treacherously slew him with his bolts of thunder.

But the sin of the two murders, that of Vishwarupa and Vrithra fell on Indra and he went into hiding. Thus the gods had no ruler and so they decided to nominate Nakusha as their king. They went in a body and offered the crown to him.



Ulysses Returns Home



Ten long years had passed since the fall of Troy and all the Greek kings and princes had fought together to defeat the Trojans. By now they had all returned to their families and homes, all that is except one, Ulysses the king of Ithaca, a small island lying off the coast of Greece.

Ever since Ulysses had set sail from the shores of Troy,

with his fleet of twelve ships, nobody had heard of him or knew where he was. The people of Ithaca were very unhappy and afraid, for since Ulysses had been away the young princes from all the towns and islands around Ithaca had fought and argued with one another. Each one wanted to be the new king of the island because they were

sure that Ulysses had been killed by an enemy or drowned in a storm while on his way home, but they could not decide which one of them it should be.

Since none of them could decide, they told Penelope, Ulysses' wife, that she must choose and marry one of them and that he would become the new king. The beautiful Penelope, however, was not so sure as the princes were that her husband was dead and she tried to put off choosing a new king, but as each day passed the princes became more impatient and insistent that she must choose a new husband.

Day after day Penelope sat in her palace weaving a length of fine cloth on her loom. She told the princes that she could not marry one of them until the length of cloth had been finished. Each day she sat at the loom weaving, but at night, instead of sleeping, she spent the time undoing her day's work, hoping she could delay her marriage to one of the princes.

One day, the princes discovered Penelope's trick of undoing the cloth and now they became more insistent and quarrelsome than ever before

and told her that she must choose her new husband at once because it was plain that Ulysses would never return now.

Little did they realise that on another part of the island a boat had landed on a deserted part of the shore. It contained only one man and his name was Ulysses. He was the one man who had survived the journey back home. Longing to find out what had been happening on Ithaca since he had been away, Ulysses made his way to the hut of a swineherd dressed as a beggar, for he had been warned by a goddess that many people wished to kill him and take away his kingdom and his wife. The swineherd told Ulysses how the princes were feasting and drinking, spending all the kingdom's money and also trying to force his wife, Penelope, to marry one of them.

After eating and sleeping at the swineherd's hut, Ulysses arose and prepared to visit the palace, but before he left, a young man visited the swineherd's hut and the king was overjoyed to find that it was Telemachus, his son. Together Telemachus and Ulysses plotted

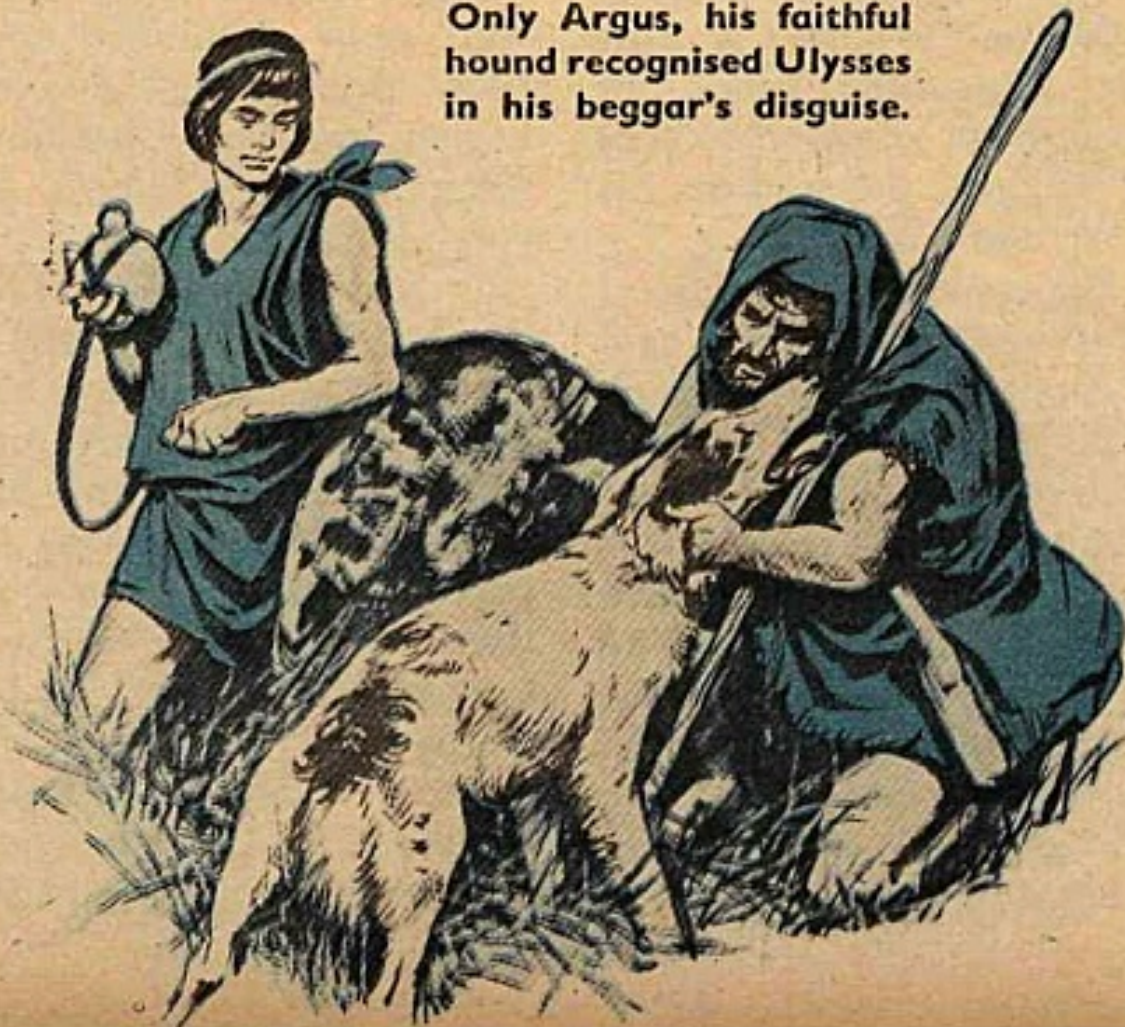
to rid the island of the troublesome and wicked princes.

Still disguised in the clothes of a beggar, Ulysses made his way to the palace where only Argus, his faithful dog, recognised him as Ulysses, the King of Ithaca.

When the nobles and princes, who were feasting and drinking as usual in the great hall, saw the beggar they laughed and teased him, but Penelope insisted that he be given food and drink, although she did not know that he was her husband.

That night, as everybody lay asleep, Telemachus took the weapons that belonged to the princes and locked them away, as his father had ordered him to do. Then he told his mother to prepare a great feast the next day for all the young nobles and during the feast she would announce that she would marry the prince who could fire an arrow from Ulysses' great bow. The next day, all the princes were gathered at the great feast drinking and eating all the wine and food they could. At the end of the meal Penelope made

Only Argus, his faithful hound recognised Ulysses in his beggar's disguise.



her announcement and a servant fetched the great bow and a quiver of arrows. Also present at the feast was Ulysses dressed in his beggar's disguise.

Of course, all the princes wanted to try and win the hand of the beautiful Penelope and one by one they stood up and took the great bow in their hands. The princes struggled to fit an arrow and to bend the mighty weapon, but not one of them had the strength to pull the string back more than a few inches.

A great uproar broke out and the princes accused Penelope of tricking them yet again and said that to fire the bow was an impossible task, but above all their voices rose that of the beggar, demanding his turn with the bow.

All the princes laughed at him and mocked him by saying, "Do you think a weak and skinny beggar like yourself can bend this mighty bow, when even thirty princes cannot?"

As an answer Ulysses picked up the bow and selecting an arrow he fitted it to the bow, took aim and fired it into the middle of the target. At the same moment, the amazed nobles and princes heard the

doors of the great hall being locked and barred from the outside. They looked for their weapons, which normally hung on the wall of the hall, but they had disappeared.

Before they realised what was happening Ulysses had fitted thirty arrows to his bow and in as many seconds had sent them hurtling around the hall until all thirty nobles and princes lay dead on the floor. Then, stripping off his beggar's disguise, Ulysses called to his servants and told them who he was.

Penelope, his wife, did not at first believe that this man, who only a minute ago had been dressed as a common beggar, was really her husband, King Ulysses. "You are so very different from the man who sailed away to Troy all those years ago," she said. "For ten years I have suffered from rogues who have claimed to be my husband, only because they wanted to rule Ithaca. What proof can you give me that you are really my husband?"

Ulysses laughed. "Wisely spoken, my fair Penelope," he replied. "Ask any question you wish and I will answer it."

Penelope asked him many questions and Ulysses answered them all correctly. Then she said to the servants, "If this man is Ulysses, then it is only right that he should sleep in Ulysses' bed. Bring it here—to the hall, so that he may rest."

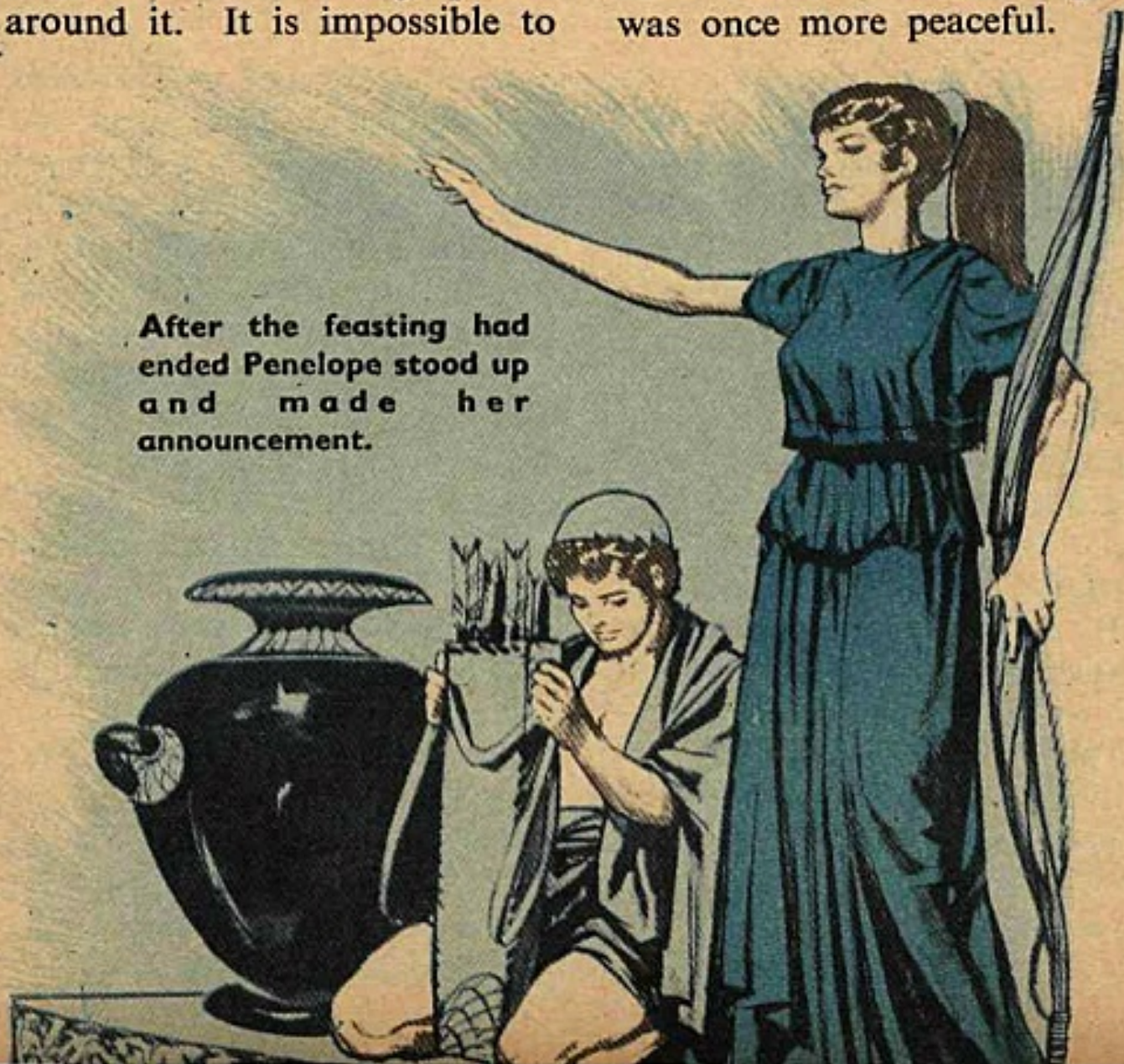
At this Ulysses laughed out loud. "What foolishness is this?" he smiled. "I made that bed myself. I carved it from the trunk of a living tree and then I built my palace around it. It is impossible to

move that bed without first destroying the palace and then cutting down the tree."

At this his wife threw her arms around his neck and said, "Now at last I know you are my husband, for only he and I knew that the bed was carved from a living tree."

At last, Ulysses had returned and had been recognised as the true king of Ithaca. All the wicked nobles and princes had been killed and the kingdom was once more peaceful.

After the feasting had ended Penelope stood up and made her announcement.





NEVER FEAR

Grandpa bought some candy floss for the kids. Everyone grabbed at it, but Kittu hung back. Grandpa shoved some under his nose and said, "Come on laddie, here's some nice fluffy candy floss for you." Then Mani piped up and said, "Grandpa, Kittu is afraid of candy floss." Grandpa snorted and said, "What nonsense! You mustn't be afraid of your own shadow. You can't be a coward! Why, lad, nobody likes a coward! Let me tell you about a man who was a coward."

Then he began his tale:

In a certain village there lived a farmer who had four acres of land. But he was a big coward. So everyone teased him about this and made his life miserable.

Another farmer whose fields bordered his, lived closely. He too, teased the cowardly farmer, and all the village folk tried to create quarrels between the two. But the coward would not be drawn into any argument.

One day, some folks came to him and said, "Have you heard? Your neighbour is letting his cows graze all over your land."

The farmer replied meekly, "Oh! That's all right. The cows can graze on the grass in my fields." Another time some more folks came and why he has taken away half of your harvested paddy.

The farmer said resignedly, "Oh! That's all right. I suppose, he doesn't have enough paddy to go round. Let him take what

he will.”

One day, the cowardly farmer saw his neighbour felling a tree belonging to him. So he ran up to him and said, “Look here, man, how dare you cut down my tree? You take advantage of my meekness.”

The other replied, “Look here fellow, the roots of your tree have spread all over my field. I ought to be digging that up too!”

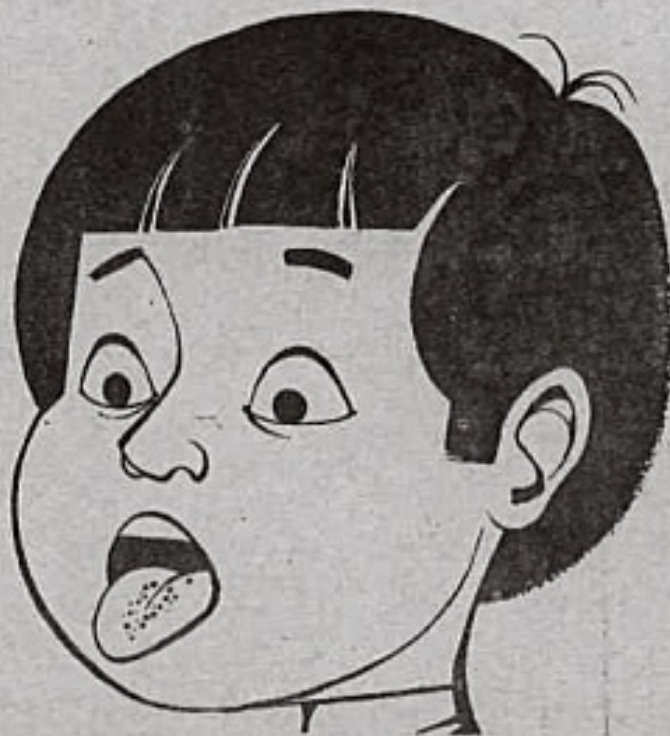
Then the meek farmer scratched his head and said, “It’s all my fault really! I have you for a neighbour and that’s bad enough.”

Grandpa finished his tale and said, “Well, children, if you let fear get hold of you, you will end up by losing all.”

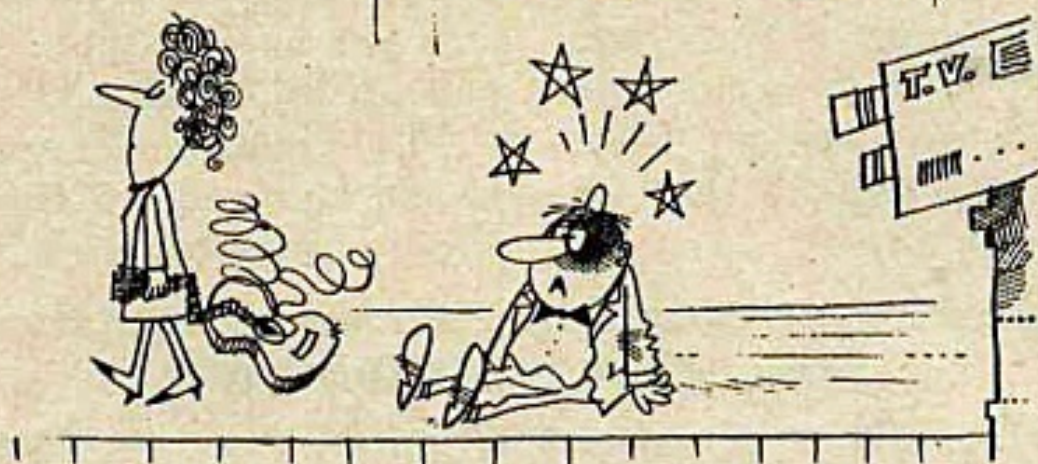
The children clapped their hands and said. “Never fear. We’ll always be brave.”

HOW DO WE TASTE OUR FOOD?

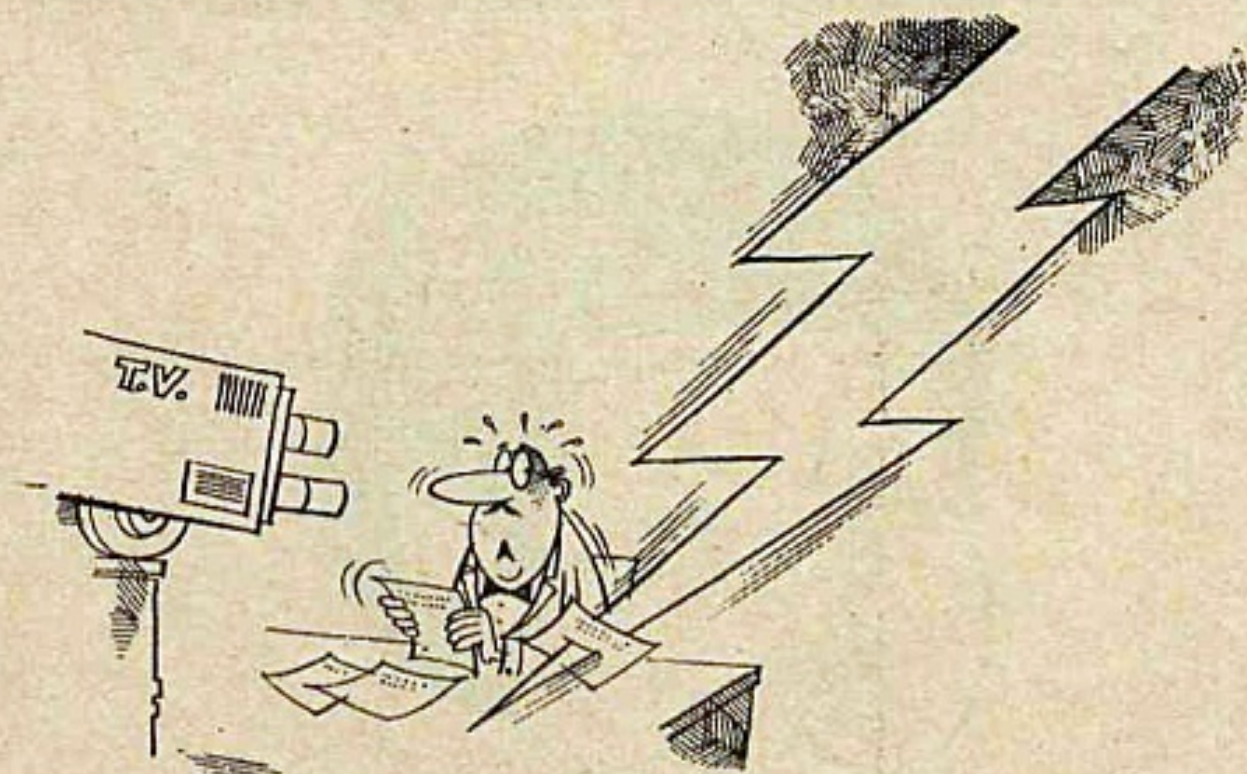
By means of the tongue on which there are groups of cells which doctors call “taste organs”. We can call them “taste buds”, hundreds of which are found in the human mouth. The taste buds on the tongue are mostly located at the back. They are sensitive to four tastes; salt, sour, sweet, bitter.



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